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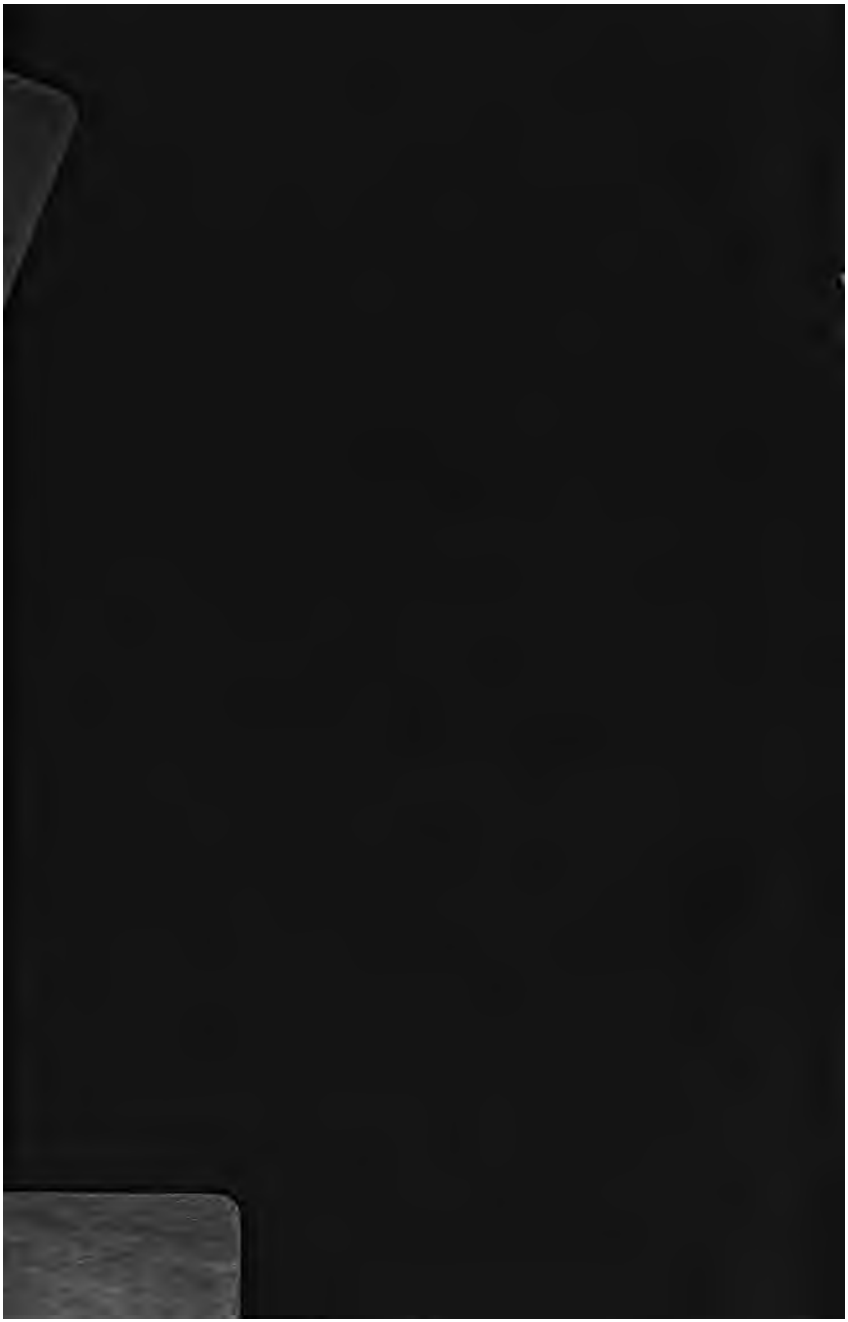
WAYSIDE THOUGHTS



1. Poetry, American.

Anna Peirsol.
with the love of her friend
Rebecca B. P. Haines.
1887

WAYSIDE THOUGHTS

—BY—

PHEBE HAINES.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep His covenant and His testimonies."—*Psa.* xxv. 10.

PHILADELPHIA:

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THESE SIMPLE EFFUSIONS

OF AN EARNEST AND DEVOUT MIND

HAS BEEN

THAT THEIR CHRISTIAN FEELING AND SENTIMENT

MIGHT CHEER AND AID

SOME STRUGGLING PILGRIM WHO IS SEEKING,

AS SHE DID,

"A CITY WHICH HATH FOUNDATIONS."

NOR 19FEB'36

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WAYSIDE THOUGHTS

—BY—

PHEBE HAINES.

To my sister Rebecca, in Sickness.

I AM thinking of thee, sister,—
And my heart is often sad,
When I ponder on the bitter draughts
Of trial thou hast had;
For I know the spirit shrinketh
From a weary weight of pain,
And the wounded bosom thinketh
It cannot smile again.

I am talking with thee, sister,—
For I would that I could throw
A little, peaceful whisper
Into thy cup of woe;

But thy gentle accents chide me
That I should ever think,
The chalice God has handed
Is bitterness to drink.

I see,—by thy calm eye, sister,—
That the Comforter within
Is speaking to thee often
Of a world unstained by sin;
Of the land where cometh never
The blight of evil things,
And where blessed spirits ever
Soar on untiring wings.

I am asking for thee, sister,—
That thy spirit's hallowed fire,
May not dim upon the altar,
Nor its fettered pinions tire;
Till the Holy One, who bound thee,
Shall thy tethered spirit take
To join the band immortal
Who suffered for His sake.

1839.

Sincerity.

"He also shall be my salvation, for a hypocrite shall not come before Him."

VERY many are the blessings
Cast around our pilgim way,
Kindly greetings, love's caressings,
Cheer our hearts from day to day;
But, of all the things we see,
Loveliest is sincerity.

Men may look with smiles upon us,
Help us forward on our way,
Give the grasp of seeming fondness,
Chase the cares of life away;
But, what kindness will it be,
If it lack sincerity?

We would chant, in glowing numbers,
Words of love and deeds of fame,
But the Eye, that never slumbers,
Might deny them e'en a name;
For His awful scrolls on high
Are records of sincerity.

If we trust in Truth's direction,
Though distresses may assail,
We shall witness sure protection
While the hypocrite shall fail;
Let our earnest wishes be
For Thy gift, sincerity.

Very simple may the dressing
Of our guileless spirits seem,
But, if Jesus gives his blessing,
It will glow with purest beam;
For each word and deed will be
Shining with sincerity.

Heavenly Father! truth immortal
Is the herald of Thy throne!
And he ope's its glorious portal
To the upright heart alone;
For we cannot live with Thee,
If we lack sincerity.

1851.

Death.

THEY tell me death is terrible!—
A dark and dreary thing!
That sorrow follows in its train,
And broods beneath its wing!

But, 't is not thus that I have learned
To view the monarch-king;
I feel him—though a solemn guest—
No dark or fearful thing.

I had a lovely baby-boy—
My very heart's delight—
Who, in the midst of loveliness,
Was gathered from my sight.

And, though my heart was smitten so,
It turneth,—even now,—
To view the heaven-enlightened smile
Which wreathed his little brow.

And, though his life had lovely been;
His death was lovelier even,
Because it seemed so near allied
To angels and to heaven.

And then, another holier link
From my chain of joys has fled!
My mother!—Mother, can I own
That thou, indeed, art dead?

Smiles never beamed on childhood days
More sweet than thine on me;
And joy was joy-less to my heart
If unapproved by thee.

And when I gazed upon thy face,
And sealed my latest kiss,
I thought the finger of thy Lord
Had traced it with His bliss!

So more than earthly were the lines
That marked thy radiant brow,
I thought there could be nought of gloom
In death, to such as thou.

And this is why such darksome dread
In death I cannot see,—
Because it threw such loveliness
O'er those it took from me.

And; in my secret soul is raised
The heaven-aspiring sigh,
That He—who gave His bliss to them—
May bless me when I die!

"God Seeth not as Man Seeth."

WHAT! though human judgment erreth
In its meed of blame or praise?
What! though man so long deferreth
His just due of thanks to raise?

What! though on our best endeavors
His dread censure oft-times rest,
And our choicest offerings ever
Are the first to be repressed?

Oh, remember, child of sorrow,
Jesus seeth not as man!
And there will arise a morrow,
Which will end his little span.

Onward, in the path of duty,
Let thy earnest footsteps press;
And, though human lips approve not,
God will not reward thee less.

Marked on Heaven's unerring dial
Every moment in thy year,—

Rays of sunlight, shades of trial,
Justly balanced, will appear.

And the spirit, crushed or broken,
By proud man's presuming might,
Shall receive its Saviour's token,
That its humble deeds are right.

The Aged Pilgrim.

"For Thou art my hope, O Lord God; Thou art my trust from my youth."

HOARY veteran, bending lowly,
Traveller through a tedious day,
Let me ask of thee thy story,—
Of the things that mark thy way?

Thou hast trod life's countless mazes,
Nearly passed thy journey through,
And my pensive spirit gazes
On thine eye of faded hue.

Passed thine early life in sweetness?
Didst thou meekly walk in fear?

Did there never seem a meetness
For undying spirits here?

Bright is yet my footpath winding
Gently up life's graded slope;
Blessings curb my heart's repining,—
Sorrows sometimes chill its hope;

Yet, methinks thy tranquil features
Speak of something dearer far,
Than this scene of changeful creatures,
Or its promised offers are.

Ah! my spirit gathers slowly,
From thy heavenward-lifted eye,
That the lowly—very lowly—
Only hope to live on high.

Heavenly Parent, Thou who lovest
All the works which Thou hast made!
It is Thou, alone, who givest
Value to the things that fade;

Wilt Thou grant to some, who love Thee,
Grace and strength to love Thee more?
Hearts to seek Thee,—hearts to serve Thee,—
Hearts to worship and adore?

If the early morning bloometh
To the holy God of Truth,—
If the noonday strength consumeth
For the Helper of our youth,—

Then, when life's dim orb is waning,
Nature ebbing fast away,
Thy right Arm the soul sustaining,
Will the trusting spirit stay.

Hoary pilgrim, Jesus giveth
Clearness to the eyesight dim;
And, because thy Saviour liveth,
Thou shall ever live with Him.

1852.

Prayer.

ACCESS to the glorious throne
Of the High and Holy One,
Comes not by the bended knee;
By no forms which men can see;
By no sounding words of prayer,
When no spirit work is there;

In no certain time or way
Can the contrite spirit pray.
But, when bending very low,
Saviour, Thy designs to know;
When the soul's resigned desire
Kindles with unearthly fire;
When Thou own'st the time and way,
Only then can mortals pray.
If to me, in love, is given
This sweet effluence from Heaven;
If to one, so clothed with sin,
Bliss so pure can enter in;
Saviour, let Thy Spirit move
Prayer for those I dearly love.

Aged father, bowed with years,
Nearly done with hopes and fears,
Be the bow of Heavenly light
Ever present to thy sight;
Circling, with its calming ray,
All the evening of thy day;
Giving, with a promise bright,
Passport to undying light.

Sister, may thy couch of pain
Be to thee immortal gain;

Blessed and sweetened by that Power
Which can gild the darkest hour.
Saviour, by Thy gift divine,
Make her more than ever Thine;
Oh, bring her very near to Thee,
And gird her with Thy liberty!

Then, in mercy, condescend
E'en on me Thy grace to send;
Bow, and break, and purify
One so sin-oppressed as I,—
Just to the measure of Thy will,
Thy work in each of us fulfill;
Then gird us, like a holy band,
With strength to reach the spirit-land;
And moor us safely by her side—
Our mother—who in Jesus died;
And give us golden harps above,
For evermore to sing Thy love.

1853.

"Cast Down, but Not Forsaken."

NOT forsaken,—not forsaken,—
Lord, I feel Thy teachings still;
I feel Thy love my zeal awaken,
Feel Thy presence on my will;
When sweet access bringeth nearer
To the precincts of Thy throne;
When Thy vision showeth clearer
I must live to Thee alone!

Not forsaken,—not forsaken,—
Will the doubting spirit be;
Though it fears itself mistaken
When it thinks it loveth Thee.
Oh, I love,—I think I love Thee!
Though my spirit feareth still;
Lest I soar to things above me,
And neglect Thy secret will.

Not forsaken,—not forsaken,—
Or Thou wouldst not still reprove;
Show the crosses not yet taken,
Mar the pleasures that I love;

Saviour, draw my spirit nearer,—
Give me grace to love Thee more;
Make those lines of duty clearer
That were dimly seen before.

Not forsaken,—not forsaken,—
In the fullness of Thy love;
Those who long Thy cross have taken,
Heights or plungings shall not move.
Faith may falter, patience weary,
Outward props be weak or shaken;
Yet the sacred promise cheereth,
Not forsaken,—not forsaken.

Praise.

WE praise Thee, Father, that Thou givest
The strength whereby the spirit liveth
From day to day;
When o'er the dark and troubled soul
The surges of temptation roll,
And seem to say,
The floods will surely break thy strongest holds away.

We praise Thee, Father, for the loving might
With which Thou guid'st us to uphold the right,
"Faint, yet pursuing;"
We praise Thee, that Thou teachest us to lean
Upon Thy arm of power, though unseen;
To list the wooing
Of Thy sweet Spirit from our own undoing.

We praise Thee that, when tempted to rebel
From the close duty, which we know too well,
Thou guard'st the way;
And with swift messengers of angel-light
Encompasseth, unseen, the paths of right,
Nor lets us stray
Till the curbed spirit boweth to obey.

We praise Thee for the good with which Thou blesseth;
For every thought of Thee the heart possesseth;
And we would raise
From humble altars tribute-songs to Thee,
That Thou permittest such vile worms as we
To speak Thy praise,
And ask Thy Spirit's light our guide to be
Through life's bewildering maze.

The Deserted Chamber.

Written upon the Death of a Daughter, aged Twenty-one years.

OH, I know that He, who grieveth
The stricken human heart,
Will not cause one useless sorrow,
Or one needless pang impart;
And yet I feel a weight of woe,—
A deep and biting smart!

True I have much to soothe me,
Yet cannot chain the tear
Which rises to my eyelids,
And dims the lustre there;
For I feel a weight of loneliness
'T is weariness to bear.

In the homestead's sheltered corner,
Close by the winding stair,
Is a little sun-lit chamber,
And a lonely, vacant chair;
For she, who lately trod its floor,
Is now no longer there.

Her gentle footstep falleth
No more upon my ear,
Nor the soft and touching cadence
'T was melody to hear;
For, methinks, it caught the numbers
Of Heaven's ethereal sphere.

I loved her, dearest Father!
I loved her cheerful glee,
And thoughtful, gentle kindness,
Which bound her close to me;
But I loved her—most of all—
For the love she gave to Thee.

And now, in twilight musings
And by the village way,
And from the garden trellis
I miss her every day;
And the tear I strive to banish
Will yet, unbidden, stay.

Yet, Father, Thou hast loved me,
And called me to Thy rest,
Or Thou wouldst not thus have taken
This darling from my breast;
And I strive to bow in meekness
To Him who knoweth best.

1854.

Evermore.

CHRISTIAN, art thou watching,—seeking,—
For thy Saviour's blessed speaking?
For His words of solace breaking
On thy spirit, stripped and sore?
For His calls, from slumber waking,
Evermore?

List thou to His counsels,—chiding,—
Precious things from vile dividing;
Let it—in thy heart abiding—
Gently pour
An influence o'er thy soul, presiding
Evermore.

Very softly breathes the motion
Asking for thy heart's devotion,—
Calling, from the world's commotion,
Thy thoughts to soar;
Stilling passion's troubled ocean
Evermore.

Christian,—heavenly gifts await thee!
Let this holy hope elate thee,—

Though the proud deride and hate thee,
Christ will only love thee more;
And His blessed voice shall greet thee
Evermore.

See! the heavenly prospect brightens,
And thy hopes of glory heighten;
All thy burdens soon shall lighten
With a bliss unknown before;
And thy soul thy God delight in
Evermore.

Cease, then, every sad repining,—
On thy Father's love reclining,
Every earthly trust resigning,
Thy warfare o'er;
Thy soul—in heavenly garments shining—
Shall, through thy Saviour's blest refining,
Joy evermore.

1856.

Trust On.

SPIRIT, sorrowing on thy road,
Bowed and chastened by thy God,
Bend thou lowly,—cast thou down
Every idol, every crown;
Then look upward, list the Voice
Saying, "Evermore rejoice!"

'T is not meet that those who bear
Sovereign proof of Heavenly care,
Should repine and long to be
From His blessed bondage free!
Look thou upward,—list the Voice,—
Evermore rejoice! rejoice!

Faithless, stricken, sorrowing one!
Journey forward,—journey on;
She, whose anguish dark and deep,
Led her by the way to weep,
Still could Heavenly solace see
In the thought, "God seeth me."

Sees He not each wayside one?
Hears He not the bursting groan?

And He promises to keep
Blessings for the souls that weep;
For He registers on high
Every contrite mourner's sigh!

Gird the heavenly armour on,—
Mount for Heaven's eternal throne,—
Where the ransomed mourners meet,
Worshippers at Jesus' feet,
And the Saviour's blessed voice
Bids them "Evermore rejoice."

Little Acts of Self-Denial.

LITTLE acts of self-denial,
Practiced on the Christian plan,
Though at first they seem a trial,
Often smooth the path of man.

Ever have a wish to lighten
Loads you cannot quite remove;
And the shaded spirit brighten
With the sunlight beams of love.

Help thy friend in every trouble,—
Let him not implore in vain;
Through life's glossy, shining bubble
Lingers many a streak of pain.

Human kindness softens sorrow;
Sympathy is quick relief;
Wait not till the coming morrow,—
Offer now to soothe his grief.

Gilead hath a sacred treasure
Which she keeps in hallowed store,
For the generous heart, whose pleasure
Flows from kindness, evermore.

And the cup of lucid water
Handed to the burning lip,
If in Jesus' name 'tis offered,
Yields the nectar angels sip.

1862.

Reply to "No Sects in Heaven."

NO Sects are in Heaven, 'tis true: it is true,
The soul that comes thither is fashioned anew;
And the terms whereby any attain that bless'd place,
Are the mercy of God and His sovereign grace;
The abyss of death is not passed, indeed,
By baptismal font, or book, or creed.

There's no clothing in Heaven, and yet it is clear
That mortals must clothe themselves decently here;
There's no Cross in that world, and yet we all know
That the Way of the Cross is the sure one below;
For none ever reached that celestial abode,
Who refused the chastisment he found on his road.

Our blessed High Priest, who arose from the dead,
While he journeyed on earth, had no place for his head;
None bore his reproaches, all shrank from his shame;
His vision was marred, and rejected his name;
And it ever must be that his chosen and true
Must tread the same path he has brought to their view.

The Holy Redeemer has given His call,
Not to this one, or that one, but freely to all;
Yet it is not declared that the highway He cast,
Which leads to the kingdom of glory at last,
Consists in our clothing,—our eating of meat,—
Our wearing of this,—or refusing to eat.

Yet the Lamb without spot, who fulfilled the great plan
Of saving the soul of degenerate man,
Wore a plain, seamless garment: 'twas woven throughout,—
It was homely and simple there is not a doubt;
And his faithful apostle, magnanimous Paul,
Has shown how far dress is becoming to all.

If Christ, in His mercy, has called me away
From the court, only outward, in secret to pray,
Let me dare not to think I may turn from the call,
Or suppose that one path is intended for all;
Lest, while I refuse to be singular here,
My title to Heaven may never be clear.

The Roman and Grecian, the Parthian and Mede,
May all worship in spirit, though differing in creed;
And those, who the pride of this life have denied,
In the Land of the Blessed "may walk side by side;
But none ever put Christ's righteousness on,
Who was not unclothed of all good of his own.

While Paul, at Ephesus, encountered the beast,
Christ calls John, the belov'd, to serve at a feast;
And if, at His call, we are serving aright,
We shall, through His mercy, walk with Him in white.
No Sects are in Heaven; but no one is there
Who has not the white linen raiment to wear.

The Warrior.

STRUGGLE,—wrestle,—struggle on;
Fight the inward battle still!
Fight till every foe is gone,—
Fight till bows the stubborn will!
Christ thy captain, armour, sword;
Christ thy unfoiled, sovereign Lord!

Fight for victory over sin,—
Fight for freedom from the foe;
Fight for purity within,—
Fight a second birth to know;
Christ thy captain, onward press!
He will help thy helplessness.

Only trust the Living Voice,—
Only give thy all to Him;
Let His mandate be thy choice,—
Let Him rule and reign within;
Christ, thy captain, will not give
Leave to let one rebel live!

Rise, and plant thy footsteps firm
On the soil where sins invade;

Let no heartless doubts disarm,
Till thou art a victor made;
Then thy armour, sword, and crown
At thy Helper's feet lay down!

1863.

Only Within.

ONLY within, O Father! only within
The golden portals of Thy glorious throne;
Wayworn and faltering, compassed yet with sin,
I crave this mercy for Thy sake alone!

Only to enter where the voice of singing,—
Of faith triumphant and of conquest won;
Where sounds victorious on the ears are ringing,
And palm-branched warriors say, "The work is done."

To strive no longer with the foe besetting,—
To know no night,—to dread no threatening cloud;
To feel no spirit-sting of vain regretting,—
To know no veil the Saviour's face to shroud.

Oh, matchless Mercy! that, to weakness bending,
Stoops to unlock the treasures of the sky;
And, with free gifts of heavenly love, descending,
Lifts the worn spirit to a home on high!

Faint with pursuing,—with its burden weary,—
Just hoping! longing for a "passport clear;"
What bliss, O Saviour, when the soul shall hear Thee,
In spirit-language whisper, "Come up here."

1869.

The Trundle Bed.

Written for my daughter L.

"OH, mother! I've got a nice new bed, so pretty, and neat, and low,
That, when on the pillow I rest my head, I can touch the floor, I know;
And my crib is gone, that cramped me in, so high and so ugly, too,—
I wonder how it could ever have been I this long made it do!

For I am Five years old, and am big and strong,
and Willie is nearly One,
And my crib was short and I am so long, I wonder that ever it done.
And now little Willie can lie with me, and I'll cover him nice and warm,
And, if he should scramble to get to thee, I'll hold him tight with my arm.
Oh, mother! dear mother! it's the nicest bed, the clothes are new and clean,
And Willie and I will lie head to head, and nothing shall come between."
And the mother, she looked, with her bosom of pride, on their cherub-smiles as they lay,
And she turned her head, as she deeply sighed, and slowly she walked away;
For she thought of the coming years of the lambs that were given to her to cherish,
And she inwardly said, "What is earth to me, if one of my babes should perish?
They were lent me to hedge in from harm, to nurture, and guide, and lead;
And my every word and every step they will see, and hear, and heed."
And she lifted her softened heart above, and she breathed an inward sigh

To her Father in heaven, that His boundless love
would daily help supply;
To strengthen her hand with inward might, and
her heart so fill with His love,
That her steps might not wander away from His
light, and her spirit be taught from above.
Then she asked the Saviour to bless her lambs,
and comfort her aching head,
For she feared to think of that spirit-change
which lay in the trundle bed.

"Lords many, and Gods many."

HIDDEN idols may be found
In the books we love to read;
In the lovely garden ground,
In the flowery dappled mead.

In the favorite water-brink,
Whiling precious hours away;
In the thoughts we love to think,
In the words we love to say.

Foes may lurk, who steal the heart
From the tasteless, beaten road;

Missiles of the tempter's art,
To estrange the soul from God.

But, must youth's impatient feet
Turn from every joy away?
In the haunts it loves to greet,
Cease to joy while yet it may?

List! the by-path ever leadeth
From the pilgrim's chosen road;
From the strength the spirit needeth,
From the soul's serene abode.

Tangled in the thicket gleaming,—
Ever seeking something new;
Ever onward art thou roaming,
Lone and weary,—wounded, too.

And this something still is cheating
Thy poor heart, unsanctified;
Promises again repeating
Which have never satisfied.

Scattered broadcast o'er creation,
From the Heavenly Father's throne,
Asking but the heart's oblation,
Countless blessings may be known.

Terms of blessed self-denial,
  Hopes whereon the heart may rest;
Strength to combat every trial,
  Every suffering doubly blest.

Father, if our love was clearer,
  If no idol shared Thy throne;
If we daily felt Thee nearer,
  Loved Thee for Thyself alone;

Then, how calmly should we wander
  Through our heaven-lent term of days;
All our words would be thanksgiving,
  All our incense, peaceful praise.

1870.

To a Friend, with a Piece of Knit Work.

THIS simple, knitted work of mine
  I just accompany with a line,
To let thee know, from day to day,
How it has whiled my time away;
Not uselessly, I dare believe,
Else it were worthless to receive.

The tissue of my varied plan
First with one little stitch began;
Then onward wrought, with care intent,
From less to more the fabric went;
Till, fashioned under just control,
It ended in a useful whole,
Wherein are use and neatness blent,
For household purpose wisely meant.

And can we fail in this to see
A counterpart of thee and me?
The web of life is stitches all,
Nor must the least be let to fall;
Else, not regained, the widening breach
No after carefulness can reach.
Oh, would that every added year
May make our widening web appear
A perfect work, inscribed with grace
And fitted for a heavenly place!

A Weariness is on My Heart.

A WEARINESS is on my heart: Our Father,
can it be
That I am tiring of the work Thou hast ordained
for me?
That, after all the days of peace and gifts of
pleasant things,
I turn away in discontent, and fold my droop-
ing wings?
Am I stopping ere my journey's o'er, to loiter
on the way?
Or gather murmuring thoughts of gloom, be-
cause I have to stay?
The leaves are dusky grown, 't is true, upon my
gnarled tree,
And faded now the verdure is to what it used
to be.

But He, who bade me journey on upon my
downward road,
Has never promised I should find a faultless,
pure abode;

He only bid me work a while where'er He led
the way,
And the closer that I kept to Him, the brighter
was my day;
For every burden that He gave, or weight He
bid me bear,
If only borne as unto Him, my Helper still was
there.
For He himself had trod the path, and knew that
flesh was weak,
But discontented, murmuring words He bade me
never speak.

And, when the road was travelled long, and my
spirit seemed to fail,
He promised me a holy staff whereby I might
prevail;
A brooklet in the dusty path,—in darkness, heav-
enly light;
An all-sustaining help by day, a heavenly song
by night.
Then gird afresh thy weary loins, and closer press
to Him,
And ask Him for His living oil thy failing lamp
to trim;

And onward, in the cast-up way, thy cheerful
path pursue,
For He, who bade thee walk therein, will daily
strength renew.

"His Bow abode in Strength."

THOU hast a soul within thee,—an active,
thinking soul,—
And I would she were equipped in armor strong
and whole;
For she hath an holy warfare, wherein she must
engage,
And a host of veteran enemies with whom a war
to wage,—
Who watch her onward movements with a more
than deadly rage.

Her helmet must be holy hope, her shield a liv-
ing faith,
And her watching ear must ever turn to what her
Captain saith;

And if He leads through mountain-pass or narrow, deep defile,
Then bind thy sandals closer on, and follow Him the while,—
Lest lurking foes, unseen before, thy dallying steps beguile.

Still follow Him through rocky glen with weary feet and slow,
For well thou know'st He never led where pilgrim cannot go;
And ever yet, when ways are dark and flinty rocks appear,
He handeth thee a cooling draught of water pearly clear,—
And whispers to thy fainting heart His words of heavenly cheer.

He bids thee still to follow on,—thou canst not miss thy aim,
If every arrow in thy bow is ventured in His Name;
And when, as one by one, thou seest thy worst opposers fall,
Then lowly let the honor rest on Him, thy All in All;

And ask Him for a light and song through one
dark valley more,—
Then gently lay thy armor down upon His praise-
girt shore.

"Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

FATHER, Thou art the staff, upon whose head
The gathered spirit leans to worship Thee;
It may be eventide, and shadows dread
Hinder the wanderer, that he cannot see;
His faith too weak to bid those shadows flee.

Thou art the Door. O sacred Spirit stir
The inward latchet, that it ope to Thee;
That, while the yielding fingers drop with myrrh,
The willing eye Thy blessed form may see,
Speaking sweet words of heavenly harmony.

Thou art The Way. No other path e'er led
From this low habitation to Thy throne;
The living waters on no other shed,
In crystal rivers lave this path alone,
Cheering the pilgrim as he journeys on.

O heavenly Life! O blessed Truth and Way!
Darkness and light Thou only canst control;
Speak Thy Ephphatha, and the darkened day
Shall break in living visions on the soul,
Till every gloomy cloudlet from it roll.

"And He led them as far as Bethany, and lifted up His Hands and Blessed them."

IT was dark, oh, how dark! with the sorrowing few,
As they journeyed in sadness, communing of Him,
Whom they erst had believed brought salvation to view,
Through a faith almost waning, a hope growing dim.

Oh, how low and desponding! how shaded and sad
Was their walk by the wayside! how dreary and lone!
For they knew not that He whom they longed for was there,
The full beams of glory not yet having shone.

Thus far went their Lord with His scattered and dear,
When, with hands fresh uplifted, He blessed them anew;
And ere the rich cadence had dropped on their ear,
The Giver and gift were both lifted from view.

Yet, no longer in darkness, desertion, and woe,
Shall they journey along, weary-laden as then;
For the blessed Departed had gifts to bestow,
Till then unperceived by the children of men.

"Lo! I always am with you." The sanctified heart
Is, henceforward, My temple,—a temple of prayer;
And My guerdon of peace I delight to impart
To the least one in spirit who worships Me there.

And this last benediction can never depart
From the meek and the humble believer in Him,
But shall break with new light on the languishing heart
When all other enjoyments are faded and dim.

Oh, cheerless believer! though heavy and dark
May at times seem the mountains which shadow thy lot,
Press onward, and upward, and inward to Him
Who walketh beside thee, though thou knowest it not.

And when Bethany's vales, in their quiet repose,
Shall be opening before thee, (His time being then,)
The blessed Unknown shall that healing disclose
Which His Spirit vouchsafes to the children of men.

1871.

"Keep through Thine own Name those whom Thou hast given Me."

FATHER, if o'er my inner heart Thy melting love hath flown,
If, through the incomes of Thy help, I bow before Thy throne;
Should "voice of melody" so fall upon my inward ear,
That angel symphonies seem round, and angel spirits near;

Then let me ask that those Thy love has given
and bound to me,
May also hear celestial sounds and heavenly
visions see.

Oh, Father, gather them, I pray! Thy powerful
presence lend;
Thy drawing mercy reach to them; Thy peace-
ful Spirit send;
And aid them so to offer up each crown Thou
hast not given,
As to inherit evermore a crown of life in heaven.
For these I pray, that, closer bound and gath-
ered unto Thee,
Their souls with mine, and mine with theirs,
Thy heritage may be.

The Uplifted Soul.

THE uplifted soul,
Reached by a glory from the hidden
Throne,
Sinks into nought before the Great Unseen, nor
calls one good its own.

So near,—so very near,—
Like rainbow touching earth, the effluent gift descends;
In Heaven's own glory lost,—beginning where it ends.

Oh, keep us thus, Our Father,
From whose hand comes night or sunlight to the watching eye;
Keep us, e'en less than nothing, while Thou passeth by.

Then give, as pleaseth Thee,
All things or nothing. In heights, more humble, looking still to Thee;
In depths, give but Thy staff; then bid us firmly step through Jordan's swelling sea.

"Oh, that Men would Praise the Lord for His Goodness."

MY heart wells up with gratitude, my Father, and my Friend,
For all the good and perfect gifts that with my life-way blend.

O Holy Spirit! draw me near, and nearer every
day,
To that sweet altar inly raised, whereon my gifts
to lay;
And let me praise Thee for them all, Thyself the
greatest far,—
For only in and through Thy grace, I see them
as they are.

Oh, rich in bounty! high in love! Thou first
prepar'st the gift,
And all the power is only Thine our fettered
souls to lift;
Thy gift, Thy incense altar-fire, Thy help where-
with we bow;
Thy strength—and Thine alone—to keep the
spirit's secret vow.
Thou givest first the kingdom's salve, whereby
our eyes can see;
Then blesseth for the very sight, that only comes
from Thee.
Oh, more and more this blessing grant! Thy
living presence give,
That, while we die to things of time, in Thee
our souls may live.

My Sixty-seventh Birthday.

Twelfth month 19th, 1871.

MY children, like young scions cut from off
the parent boughs,
Are scattered here and there around the old do-
mestic house;
And ever and anon they stop, with pleasant,
careless call,
Within the homestead, where is yet a chair and
nook for all.

I love to hear the pattering noise across the gar-
den way,
Of hasty feet and youthful steps, that tread it
every day;
I love to hear the cheerful voice, the hum of
youthful glee,—
They seem like green vines on the trunk of some
old faded tree.

But soon—how soon?—the doorway, now so
widely flung for you,
Must opened be by other hands than those you
ever knew;

And vacant be the firm old chairs where parents
read and knit,
For 't is a very downward slope where now they
have to sit.

But, oh! remember all the way their weary feet
have trod,
As ardently they strove to bring your footsteps
nearer God;
And when no more the pleading voice nor warn-
ing word you hear,
May all their precepts, inly stored, to you be
doubly dear.

On the Death of E. Haines.

First month 3rd, 1872.

FATHER, it is deep water,—deep, not dark;
Yet is my spirit tossed with many fears;
Be pleased, I pray Thee, keep within my bark,
And guide me gently through this sea of tears.

Closer and closer draw me to Thy side,
Nearer and nearer to the fount of prayer;

For in the outward I have none to guide,—
Friend and companion is no longer there!

Father, affliction touches not an heart
That looks with feeble confidence to thee,
But what in every stroke Thou bear'st a part,—
Thy presence-angel sending e'en to me!

Take not that Presence from me! Only raise
Thy Arm, for Thy poor child to lean upon;
Give her, for heaviness, the robe of praise,
And lead her, Father,—lead her safely on.

"Lord, remember Me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

BE my heart's devoted psalm,
Soothing all things to a calm;
Laying life's aspirings low,
Seeking only Christ to know;
Jesus, "Lord, remember me,"
Draw me closer unto Thee.

Hearts that never bow in prayer,
Scarcely knowing Thou art there;

Spirits chained to things of earth,
Where no upward thoughts have birth;
Teach their truant hearts to see
Their need of, "Lord, remember me!"

And, oh, when hearts shall change no more!
When life-waves ebb upon the shore;
When spirit-anthems greet the ear,
And spirit-words are all we hear,—
May those blessed words in mercy be,
"Come hither,—I remember thee."

1872.

Bearing us Onward.

BEARING us onward,—bearing us onward,
Moments and years,—an unwearying sea;
Thoughtless or thoughtful, the same reckless billow
Sweeps over mankind that sweeps over me.

Child of mortality, here is no resting-place;
Sirens and songs may entice us in vain;
Short is the pilgrimage, solemn its bearing,—
Harvest is waning,—oh, where is thy grain?

Hast thou not gathered of substance one atom?
All thy pursuits been for shadows and play?
Thy Master may call at noontime or morning;
For never had any a lease for a day.

Onward and downward our step-marks are tending,
None ever return to replace or amend;
Soon shall we reach the unsatisfied ocean,
Where all our gleanings or wastings must end.

Father of spirits! we ask Thee to hasten
The hour when Thy love shall be slighted no more;
When "bearing us onward" shall be the blest token
Our spirits are nearing the amethyst shore.

Saviour, I am Weak and Low.

SAVIOUR, I am weak and low!
Let me only surely know
'T is Thy voice I faintly hear,
'T is Thy presence I am near.

Wilt Thou hear my wayside prayer?
Hear the thoughts no words declare?
Hear me, when I intercede
For the strength I daily need?

When I touch the ocean-brink,
Where my faithless footsteps sink,
Be Thy foot upon the wave,—
Be Thy hand upheld to save.

Hushed be sound of human word,—
Heavenly teachings only heard.
Weary child, thy thoughts forego;
Let no cares perplex thee so.

Tempests make thy prospects dim;
But they hide thee not from Him
Who bids the shrinking pilgrim stand,
Safe in the hollow of His hand;
Till freed from every binding chain,
His steps the mount of safety gain.

"Lo! the Summer is ended."

I WILL look into my garden, 't is the russet
time of year,
And the season of its perishing now draweth
very near;
I will walk into my garden, no blight is on its
bloom,
Yet I know it is the very time which proves the
blossoms' tomb.
I know it is the period which speaks their jour-
ney brief,
Though no blight is on the glowing rose, no
stain upon its leaf;
But a clearer hue and brighter, and a fresher
tint is there,
Than when it glowed in summer-time amid the
fervid air.

Thou Giver of all tenderness, wherewith we
dare to speak,
Oh, breathe upon my helplessness, for I am
poor and weak!

Help me look into the garden,—the garden of my heart,—
For autumn winds are sighing there, as longing to depart.

Help me look into my garden,—is it fresher and more fair
Than when, in early spring-time, it breathed Thy heavenly air?
Is there rising, from its loneliness, a sweeter psalm to Thee?
Is the stillest murmuring of its air a heavenly melody?
Help me look into my garden,—has the seed-time come and gone?
Am I watching for some ripened bloom my strengthened boughs upon?
Am I showing timely fruit,—the ripe and mellow yield
Of an often-watered garden-spot,—my Heavenly Father's field?

Oh, more than gracious Husbandman! I feel Thee very near;
I feel that Thou art bowing down, my wintry song to hear.

'T is only this,—"Oh, look upon the furrows of my field,
And pardon, in Thy matchless love, its scant and meagre yield!
Thou hedged it in, Thou dug about,—Thou ever true hath been;
Then condescend, for Thy own sake, to garner safely in."

In Sickness.

AS I lay by my sweet north window,—
'Twas a bed of sickness true,—
And the morning was dark and rainy,
But clear and bright was the view.

The maple and larch boughs mingled,
And the willow and ash were there;
And the green was the brighter for raining,
And the clouds seemed to make it more fair.

And it carried me back to the morning
When my homestead was young and new,
And its very smallest adorning
Was much and fair in my view.

And 't is much to me even yet,
Though Forty summers from now,
And though Forty winters have set
Their stamp on my hair and brow.

And my heart leaps back to the hand,—
The hand that I chose for the way,—
Which put all the trees where they stand,
And watched them every day.

And it turns with a sadness divine,
To the blessings my Master hath poured,
On such paltry service as mine
To so glorious and holy a Lord.

Though he, whom He gave me to share
My home, and my peace, and my God,
Has left my stripped spirit to bear
Its warfare alone on the road.

But I am not alone, for the Hand,—
Which gave him and knit him as mine,
When He gave the just word of command,
That earthly must change for divine,—

Gave also an angel's behest,
And sealed it with me and my home,

To trust Him, and I should be blest,
And tarry in peace till He come.

And now I scarce think I am old,
And wayworn, and wrinkled, and gray,
Because a bright halo enfolds
And encircles me every day.

And I feel such a gushing within
Of psalms and thanksgiving and praise,
That life seems to newly begin
With my waning and worn-out days.

1873.

"I hate vain Thoughts."

UNGATHERED thoughts. Oh! could my drooping spirit
But hold in custody your wayward throng,
Turn with firm heart to joys the pure inherit,
And weave a victory with my plaintive song!
Then might I calmly gather to the fountain,
Better than south-land or the nether spring;
Better than Judah's city, or the mountain
Where gathering tribes their costly tributes bring.

Oh, Love ineffable! that thus hath given
To weary, struggling souls such rich behest;
And calmed the breathing ones, who long have striven,
With the sweet foretaste of a coming rest.
Oh, I would ask of Thee, my Heavenly Father!
To curb the restless thoughts: I seek to chide,
To chain, with Thy resistless might, their power,
And my weaned spirit in Thy stillness hide.

Let my poor, empty bosom taste Thy fullness;
Thy inward riches to my weakness give;
Quick of discerning make my secret dullness;
Water my drooping boughs, and make them live.
Then,—if it please Thee,—with Thy victory strengthen
To rise o'er gathering mist and crowding fears;
And, as the shadows of my evening lengthen,
Renew, O Lord, the greenness of my years.

My Sixty-ninth Birthday.

FATHER! I come before Thee,—weak and lowly,—
Asking Thy willingness my voice to hear;
I know that I am vile and Thou art holy,
I also know petitions reach Thy ear.

'T is eventide with me. Not starless, dreary;
Not groping blindly for a hidden way,—
A little saddened, and a little weary,
That I so often find my steps astray.

'T is eventide with me; yet psalms uplifting
From the deep pulses of my inner heart,
Are yielding Thee the offering of thanksgiving,
That where my tent is pitch'd, I know Thou art.

Enfold me, Father, closer to Thy bosom;
Keep me more surely drawn toward Thy rest;
My hold on earth, though loosening, still more loosen;
Then, as to all things else, Thou knowest best.

Verging my footsteps to the shoreless ocean;
Nearing my eyesight to the crystal shore;
From Thy o'erflowing fullness grant a portion,
Then gather to the Fount for evermore.

"Go and Make Ready the Large Upper Room."

HOW secretly distills the dew,—how silently the snow,—
So from the heart's serenest depths refreshing waters flow.
We need not wander for a brook, to calm the soul's unrest;
We need not seek for distant help, to soothe the burdened breast;
"Go and prepare the upper room,"—devote it unto Me,—
Make ready there the furnished food, and I will sup with Thee.

Oh, Heavenly Guide! Thou ever wilt perform Thy covenant-part,
To gather, feed, and sanctify the wandering human heart.

'Tis not in Thee to falter, or to turn away Thy back;
'Tis not in Thee to stay Thy hand when the young ravens lack;
But, oh! it is that we are false,—Thy faithless creature, man,—
We give to Thee a lower room, unmindful of Thy plan.
A lower room,—another guest; e'en guests of base degree,
Are brought to fill the very place which none can fill, but Thee.

Help us, O Lord, to cast away the idol's hated chain,
That in our bosom's upper room none but Thyself remain;
Then secretly, as falls the dew, as silently the snow,
Soft Shiloh's calm, refreshing wave shall o'er our spirits flow;
And, when the ebbing tide of faith shall whisper, "Carest Thou not,"
Thy heavenly smile shall sweetly say, "Thou canst not be forgot."

1874.

"Immanuel,—God with Us."

EVEN with us,—poor, perishing mortality,—
Thou condescendest to tarry and abide;
Thy eternal Word hath promised, to the weakest,
A holy walking by Thy blessed side.
Only in faith abiding,—watching ever
For the soft touch of heavenly dew from Thee;
Watching and fearing, lest the earth-wind sever
The mystic chain which spirits only see.

How can such feeble worms—so all unholy—
To blest companionship with Thee aspire?
How hope that, from Thy own eternal glory,
Thou shouldst the gathering of our souls desire?
Hush, man, thy reasoning! hush, thy thoughts unholy!
Forego thy questionings of a Power divine!
HE walks a path unscann'd by human learning,—
HIS way is hid from clearer sight than thine!

Inward the crystal Spring of Life uprising
Can make the unrest of thy nature—still;
Can with a spirit-touch, thy doubts upbraiding,
Calm the dark waters of the human will!
Angels and seraphim, with lyres symphonious,
Sound the sweet anthem of Divine command,
"Feeble or exiled, he shall be victorious
Who plants his banner on Immanuel's land."

"It is Sweet to Die."

'TIS sweet to die when, with Divine composure,
The uplifted soul breaks from its chains away;
When, with fixed eye on Heaven's secure enclosure,
It leaves the mists of night for endless day.

'Tis sweet to die when, closed its earthly mission;
Its warfare done, its cross in peace laid down;
With patient trust it sees, in rich fruition,
The radiant gleamings of the heavenly crown.

'T is sweet to die when, from the eternal glory,
Come the blest cadences of Love Divine,—
"Thy transient journey is complete before Me;
Thy day's work finished,—henceforth thou art Mine."

Such are the seraph-voices stealing slowly
O'er the meek spirit's hushed and peaceful calm;
Such is the melody,—so pure and holy,—
Which calls into the presence of the Lamb!

Meek, trembling spirit,—all thy sins forgiven,—
Thou look'st through vistas closed to mortal eye;
And with pure effluence from the nearing heaven
Thou well may murmur, "It is sweet to die.'

1875.

"Why are Ye so Fearful?"

I AM weary, O wandering heart!
Of thy doubtings, and weakness, and fears;
Thou art acting a cowardly part,—
Unworthy thy blessing-crowned years.

Thou wouldst gladly thy sojourn employ
Midst quietness, comfort, and ease;
Wouldst walk in the precincts of joy,
And wear the white garment of peace.

But, alas! it is little we know
Of the Spirit's convenient food,
When we ask for the radiant bow
Without its o'ershadowing cloud.
I know that the Saviour I love,
And whom I hope one day to see,
Looks with pity untold from above
On the trials appointed for me.

He knows just what measure of grief
I need to unite me to Him;
He knows when to offer relief
To a faith that is fearful and dim.
He designs that thy trials should bring
To companionship close by His side;
And He tethers thy spirit and wing,
That thou gladly with Him may abide.

Oh, I long, dearest Lord, for "the rest"
Which remains for the people of God!
I long to be changelessly blest,—
I long for a steadfast abode.

Oh, keep me in spirit more bound!
More washed from the temptings of sin;
That no way-stain or wrinkle be found
On the daughter made "glorious within."

Mother's Rocking-chair.

THERE'S a corner,—a sunlit corner,—
Where the rocking-chair swings all day,
And the stocking grows longer and longer
When mother is not away;
And the winter is always gentle,
And the frost is frost in vain
By the side of that sunny window,
With flowers on every pane.

There's a corner,—a calm, cool corner,—
With an outlook into the west,
Where the rocking-chair stands in summer
On the porch she liketh best;
And the mild, cool breeze of the morning,
And the matins of early birds,
And the horse-chestnuts constant rustling,
Seem like gentle and happy words.

It is seldom the chair stands idle,
For the weary and aged one,
Who for years has been seen upon it,
Not yet from the household is gone.
But it may not be long—it can not—
Ere no sound will be heard on the floor,
And the busy old chair will be vacant,
Yes, vacant for evermore!

1875.

To a Cricket chirping in My Chamber.

"He giveth songs in the night."

THOU truant and wandering stranger,
How camest thou thus to creep
To the pleasant and joyful chamber
Where I sleep such quiet sleep?
Hast thou come to disturb the slumbers
Which no record or anthem tell?
And to raise in my heart glad numbers
To Him who doth all things well?

Hast thou come, with shrill voice, to remind me
That the Heavenly Shepherd above,

Is casting His safeguard around me,
In sweet, unmistakeable love?
That the night has no darkness before Him?
That His lambs are all safe in His fold?
That His banner of safety is o'er them,
As it was o'er His children of old?

Thou chirpest thy hymn of thanksgiving,—
'T is the one that He taught thee to raise;
But my anthem is not the less living,
Though uttered in voiceless praise.
Thou wakest me up from my sleeping;
But I wake to the blessings of song,
For I know that the Saviour's sure keeping
Is over me all the night long.

And I offer a secret oblation,
Unheard midst the bustle of day,
To the Keeper of Israel, for watching
My every down-lying alway.
And I learn—by thy ceaseless endeavor
To fill up the gift of thy days—
That my work and my mission for ever
Must be humble thanksgiving and praise.

"My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house."

I FAIN would ask the King of kings,
Whose power is all divine,
If any humble suppliant brings
An offering less than mine?

I often feel too low and mean
To show my earnest love,
By offering to His greatness e'en
A little turtle-dove.

My father's house is very poor,—
Manasseh's lowly tribe,—
And I the lowest and the least
Of all the rest beside;

And yet, close by the Shepherd's tent,
My kids I love to feed,—
To draw my rich supplies from thence
For all my daily need.

And, though unclean my lips have been,
Imperfect my desire,

One living coal can make them clean
From off Thy altar-fire.

But, oh, touch not my lips alone!
That they may speak of Thee;
But make my very heart Thy throne,
And seal Thy love to me.

Then strong shall grow my feeble heart;
No spot or wrinkle seen;
My lisping lips Thy grace impart,—
My raiment white and clean.

Thus, while in lengthened years I bow,
With trembling steps and slow,
Thy living palm shall gird my hrow,—
My heart Thy victory know.

1876.

"Behold! a Basket of Summer Fruit."

OH, sweet and beautiful summer fruits!
I fain would know from whence ye come?
For sure no dry or withered roots
Your fresh and glowing looks proclaim!

Whence were ye gathered? thus, in prime,
To yield such odors,—rich and pure;
What is the manner and the time
Your grateful treasures to secure?

Ah! wisely seek ye to disclose
Our history,—as well ye should;
There surely never was a rose
Which was not first a tiny bud.
And fruits and flowers in this are one,—
Their early coming must be small;
But, if of promise there is none,
There can be, then, no fruit at all.

Springtime and morning have their ways
To nourish up the embryo wealth;
Winter will come, and cloudy days,
And sickness take the place of health.
The longest life is none too long
To work the fruits of faith and love;
Then, early work while life is strong,
And help is offered from above.

The early life—the early day—
May never reach its autumn sun;
Then, let not summer pass away
And find thy summer-work undone.

To later years is seldom known
The gushing flavor, rich and sweet,
Which comes from summer-fruits alone,
And makes their mellowness complete.

Then, would thou fruits of perfect kind
Be gathered in the summer day,
Begin in time to rid thy soil
Of all that may obstruct the way.
Be diligent,—the time is short,—
Let no rude insect sting thy vine;
Let not a careless straggler hurt,
Or cause its vigor to decline.

Watch every germ with strictest care;
Shade from too ardent summer-sun;
Of hidden enemies beware,—
And never think thy labor done.
For, left unguarded but an hour,
A ruthless hand may crush thy joy;
And e'en a blast of wind hath power
A wealth of promise to destroy.

Then, should the autumn's twilight hour,
Or evening's soft and dreamy haze,
Steal o'er thy soul with gentle power,
Thou on thy ripened fruit may gaze.

And, upward lifting every thought
To Him who blessed thy good intent,
The quiet peace thy spirit sought
Shall, by His gracious hand, be sent.
Thy humble soul shall melt in praise,
Thy voice may be divinely mute,
But He, who crowns thy evening days,
Will own and bless thy summer fruit.

The Twenty-second Chapter of Revelation.

DOWNCAST Christian, speed thee onward!
Lift thy drooping head on high;
There is light—and light immortal—
Beaming down thy western sky.
Seest thou not the crystal waters
Coming from the Eternal Throne?
Hearest thou not the sound of voices,
Though thou seemest to be alone?
Inward, as thou stoops to listen,
Thou shalt hear the glorious Bride,
"Come up hither, weeping Christian,—
Lay thy tattered robes aside."

Where the Tree of Life is planted,
In the City of the Lamb,
Where the spirits of the ransomed
Gather to the great I AM;
Not the light of many candles
Nor the blaze of outward sun,
Need the dwellers there to lighten,
For they have the Holy One;
Have the Holy One to lighten
All its streets and all its ways;
And it needeth nought to brighten,
For it is illumed with praise.

Here, on earth, His servants serve Him,
Though it be with feeble might;
Here, the shades of time surround them,—
There, it never will be night.
Keep beside the crystal waters,
For they issue from the Lamb;
Let the blessed leaves of healing
Keep thy spirit always calm;
Then, when earthly toil is ended,
There shall be thy glorious home;
For His mark is on thy forehead,—
Bride and Spirit saying, "Come."

Hearest thou not the sound of viols?
Hearest thou not the harpers' song?
Past are all thy earthly trials,—
Haste to join the angel throng.
Through the gates, into the city,
Where the portals open wide,
Enter thou, and join forever
Spirits of the sanctified.

The Centennial.

"Their spot is not the spot of His children."—*Deut.* xxxii. 5.

'TIS nature's harvest-time of flowers,
Sweet central of the year!
When birds, and brooks, and leafy bowers
Are plenteous every where.
And from this gush of Heaven-made things
Unnumbered anthems rise,
To Him who all this gladness flings
O'er earth, and sea, and skies.

But, hear I not another sound,
Unlike the things I love?
A noisy pæan,—never found
Among the songs above?

When *He*—the man of sorrows—came,
To walk this gloomy earth,
He smiled on homes of humble shame,
But never joined in mirth.

He owned the lilies as they grew,—
He owned the loving birds,—
But ne'er his patient spirit knew
The revelry of words.
Nor can these pageants please Him now,
Who, then, so gently wept
O'er fallen Judea's kingly pride,
And mourned her vows unkept.

Nay,—ask me not to join my voice
In jubilee like this;
My Maker bids me not rejoice,
Unless the joy be His.
I cannot stop to linger where
The giddy millions nod;
There is no Bethlehem manger there,—
No converse with my God.

I would not learn your idle ways,
Ye vain and recreant crowd!
I love not pride's benighted maze,—
Its flattery of the proud.

But rather let my spirit lift
To Heaven a requiem hymn,
O'er wasted hours,—the precious gift!—
Whose moments came from Him.

O'er goodly talents, basely spent
To feed a nation's pride!
While scarce a vagrant thought is lent
To Christ, the crucified.
I heed not that the throng declare
My choice debased and odd;
There is no Bethlehem manger there,—
No converse with my God.

"The Chariots of God are Twenty Thousand: even Thousands of Angels."

WATCHING around the sleeping tent,
Where faith and trust recline,
Thousands of angels hourly wait
For embassy divine.
Oh, weak distrust! oh, meagre faith!
Why stand where shadows fall?
Look up, and list the Word which saith,
Mine eye is over all.

Thou whose pressed eyelids slowly rise,
Whose heart o'erflows with fears,
Know that, commissioned in the skies,
Are angel-charioteers.
And that, encamped round every saint,
Who owns and loves the Lord,
His right-hand angel ever waits,
To watch, to keep, and guard.

"I Taught them, Rising up Early and Teaching them."

WOOING, wooing, wooing,—
The gracious Saviour stands;
His heavenly calls renewing,—
Repeating His commands.

Calling, calling, calling,—
With tender love and strong;
Holding our steps from falling,
And leading us along.

Watching, watching, watching,—
To shelter us from sin;

His wing of love outstretching,
To gather safely in.

Pleading, pleading, pleading,—
To draw us still more near;
Patient with our slow heeding
His saving voice to hear.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,—
Like little bursts of rain;
He still continues knocking,—
Though knocking oft in vain.

Oh, listen! listen, listen,—
Such accents never broke
Upon our inward hearing
As those by Jesus spoke.

Not missing, missing, missing,—
Need one poor wanderer be;
"Only in true faith listen,
And thou shalt reign with Me."

Lord, soften! soften, soften,—
Our slow and sluggish heart;
And quicken us, more often,
To gather where Thou art.

We are longing, longing, longing,—
For the dayspring of Thy love;
For the joys that now are thronging
The bliss-girt courts above.

Oh, strengthen! strengthen, strengthen,—
The souls that lean on Thee,
Until their anthems lengthen
To endless melody.

"But the Son of Man hath not Where to Lay His Head."

NOWHERE to lay His head,—the blessed Lamb of God!—
Nowhere to lay His head on all His own earth's sod!
No artful fox is here, no cunning bird of flight,
But finds a safe retreat,—a sheltering nest at night.
"Nowhere to lay His head."

Ye thoughtless sons of men, whom Heavenly love hath blest
With countless joys by day and nights of easy rest;

With fullness of His bread, who fasted oft and long;
Oh! for one moment think, amidst your vacant song,
"Nowhere to lay His head."

The holy Pilgrim through the lengthened hours of night,
Houseless and homeless, climbs the wearying mountain-height;
Baptized in tears and prayers, till agony's last throb
Fulfills the missioned work of the dear Son of God!
"Nowhere to lay His head."

All His petitions for the sons of men,—
What are they now? and oh, what were they then?
Not that one burden from His sorrowing breast
Should be uplifted, for one moment's rest
To His poor, weary head!

Not that the gathering scene, whereon He dared not think;
Not that the cup of woe—'twas bitterness to drink—

Should, in transcendent mercy, pass away,
That He might have a place whereon to lay
His grief-worn head.

But unto thee, O man, the suppliant call
Is only this,—and 't is the same to all,—
The pitying Stranger only asks to come
In matchless love, to make thy heart His home;
There, there to lay His head.

"I will Pull down My Barns, and Build greater."

I HAVE scratched every crevice and corner,
Of all my possessions and ground;
And have turned every stone into dollars,
Where ever such stone could be found.
I have toiled, and exerted, and "spun,"
To change every clod into gain;
Have oft-times redoubled my purse,
And increased my possessions amain.

I have pulled down my barns to build greater,
But, alas! I still find I am poor;

For the thought of eternal salvation
  Never entered the sill of my door.
And now I am old and forsaken,
  By doubts and by darkness am driven;
For I find that, by all I have hoarded,
  I sought not a corner in heaven.

Now my treasures are worthless and dreary,
  My stores are grown rusty and old;
And my lingering strength is too weary
  To scrape off the gathering mould.
Oh, had I in springtime but labored
  To lay up a treasure on high!
But, alas! all the privilege granted
  Is, to lie down in darkness and die.

No blessings, no sweet hallelujahs,
  My perishing soul to sustain!
Oh, why did I barter salvation
  For worthless and perishing gain?
I know *now* there is a forever,—
  A world of ineffable bliss!
But I know it in vain, since I ever
  Sought all my fruition in this.

The Forty-fourth Anniversary of My Marriage.

Tenth month 3rd, 1877.

YES, Forty years and more have whiled
Their golden hours away,
Since, when a trusting, hoping child,
In world-taught wisdom undefiled,
I owned this solemn day.

What day so fraught with ill or good
Dawns on the gentle heart
Of unobtrusive womanhood,
When, from the homestead where she stood,
She yields her foot to part?

O Sovereign Good! Thou early sought;
Thou only loved and feared;
I bless Thee for the lessons taught,
For all the benedictions brought,
From that sweet home; where reared

In holy fear and humble trust
In victory within,

In reverend value for the just,
A love of virtue, and disgust
For every form of sin.

And I can praise Thee, even now,
For early grace conferred;
For childhood's light, for youthful vow,
For strivings, even then, to bow
To Thy inspeaking Word!

For early covenants, unheard
By any human ear;
For pools of mercy, only stirred
By Thy sweet, condescending Word
And angel-helpers near.

Thus was my childhood early blest
By Thy own priceless love;
Thus hedged and kept, and pruned and dressed,
Thus taught to wrestle for the rest
Enjoyed by saints above.

Then on, toward the noonday sun,
With feet by duty shod,
An uphill way, I strove to run;
A way—with tiny might begun,
But strengthened by my God.

Ah, Holy Helper! here to Thee
My tribute let me raise;
Here let my Ebenezer be
An altar raised in faith to Thee,—
An altar to Thy praise.

With many a weary step,—of peace,
Of labor, and reward;
Of efforts, never left to cease,—
Still waiting for hope's glad increase;
Of watching, "nights in ward."

These came and went, while yet to Thee
My spirit, upward bound,
Could only seek still more to be
From each opposing hindrance free,
And in Thy pasture found.

Now Seventy winter-winds have shed—
Though not with rigor spent—
Their whitening frosts upon my head,
As slowly I have journeyed
And changed my shifting tent.

Not changed in outward home or spot;
Not changed in love to Thee;

But sadly changed where I had thought
The boons that fond affection brought
Most surely fixed would be.

But oh, I pause not here to dwell
On gifts by Thee removed;
I know Thou hast done all things well!
And 't is enough that I can tell
Thou grieved, because Thou loved.

And though my path is widowhood,
And though my steps are slow,
Yet saplings from life's vernal wood,
Where once my own gnarled oak-tree stood,
O'ershade me as I go.

But, most of all, Thy shadowing love,
Like David's rock of old,
Has been my shield from noontide heat,
A refuge to my weary feet,
And shelter from the cold.

And now that, safely housed and fed,
I find my remnant days,
I feel that Thou wilt still o'erspread
Thy mercy on my aged head,
And fill my heart with praise.

That in the valley, where I dwell,
Thou wilt commune with me;
Refresh me from Thy living well,
And cause the hymns of time to swell
In heavenly minstrelsy.

Soliloquy,—My Mother.

DEAR sainted one! whom memory loves to find
Safe fixed in every chamber of my mind;
O'er whom no doubts nor huddling fears can cast
One blot to tarnish to the very last;
Not only now. I snatch my lyre to wake
A blessed tribute for thy own dear sake;
But somehow, since addended years have spun
The lengthened tissue which with thee begun,
I often feel, and joy to feel, that thou
Hast helped to bind the peace which girds me now.

When first my lisping tongue essayed to speak,
Thou early learned me where this peace to seek;

And set the waymarks, with unerring line,
Which told the things of earth from things divine;
In this world's lore instructed, and yet taught,
Compared with wisdom, 't is a thing of nought;
Nor dared to measure, with unequal weight,
The tiniest pearl that marked the wondrous gate.
True, thou art gone! may no descending sun
E'er blot the mission-work by thee begun;
An inward mission whence, like streams divine,
Flowed the rich products of thy hidden mine.

Though slowly, Lord, this handmaid hath been brought,
To learn the lessons by Thy goodness taught;
Though feebly skilled those teachings to impart
To those who lean on her maternal heart;
Help her to spread before Thy awful throne
The prayers of love. Not for herself alone;
But prayers that these—for whom the honoured dead
So oft her prayers and benedictions spread—
Might share her virtues, her example trace,
Her teachings venerate, and fill her place;
That, though true zeal declines and love departs,
Thy Church may know no lack of holy hearts.

The fathers gone, the children still succeed,
To own Thy guidance wheresoe'er it leads;
And aged hearts their holy plight renew,
To bear Thy ark with footsteps firm and true.

"Be Still, and Know that I am God."

SOLEMN silence! gift of Heaven!
Seek I now thy hallowed wing,
For to me it seemeth laden
With the incense angels bring.

And, as deeply, lowly waiting
For the stillness that I love,
Feel I not its soft descendings
On a mission from above?

Feel I not a secret guiding,—
Felt and owned, though erst unseen,—
Sometimes teaching, often chiding,
Always pointing where to lean?

Oh, how vain were every blessing
Human spirits can possess,

Were this secret gift withholden?
Or its power to soothe and bless?

Heavenly quiet? bless my journey
Through the remnant of my days;
"Speech is silvern, silence golden,"—
Silence, then, shall utter praise.

Come, my spirit, to His presence,—
Giver, Leader, Father, Lord!—
Words, alone, are nought before Thee!
Thou, alone, may speak the Word!

Let me worship and adore Thee,
With a broken, contrite sigh;
Wrapping all my mantle o'er me,
While Thy presence passeth by.

"I find I can Pray without Kneeling."

The writer frequently visited a young woman (a Methodist) who had long been disabled by scrofula. In one of those visits she said, "I find I can pray without kneeling."

I CANNOT kneel; and once I vainly thought
That all my prayers were fruitless offerings here;

That form, and voice, and words must all be brought,
To bear my longings to my Saviour's ear.

I cannot kneel; but I have learned and known
That prayer is prayer, without the bended knee;
That it will upward rise, and reach His throne
Whom my pent spirit languisheth to see.

And once I murmured at my sorrowing lot,—
That I was bound, while others gambolled free;
That in the hillside walk I mingled not;
That pleasures came, but they were not for me.

But now, how changed! Still tethered, but not crushed;
My spirit feels a joy unknown before;
Each discontented thought is inly hushed,
And strives to wait the opening of the door.

Now I can thank my Father that I feel
His presence everywhere, but most within;
That on my secret prayers He sets His seal,
And by His grace has washed away my sin.

I cannot kneel; but I can praise my God,
That He has taught my soul the better way;
That while He blessed me with His loving rod,
He taught my chastened spirit how to pray.

Christian, is thy Footfall on the Track?

IS thy footfall on the track?
Let no tempter lure thee back;
Hast thou turned a wistful eye
Toward the saints' solemnity?
Onward, onward, like the star,
"Hasting,—resting never;"
Let thy clear light shine afar,
Clearer, brighter, ever!

Stop not,—list not to inquire
Where another hangs his lyre;
His may on the willows be,
Yet it is no place for thee.
Onward, onward, be thy aim;
Upward only keep thine eye;
Clearer opes the Christian's way,
When 't is walked in steadily.

On the chosen, conquered land
Helping legions waiting stand;
Foes within and storms without
Need not make thy spirit doubt.
Onward, onward, like the star,
"Hasting,—resting never;"
Let thy clear light shine afar,
Stronger, brighter, ever.

Waiting on the promised land,
Saints in stainless linen stand;
Witnesses that there, for thee,
Is both rest and victory.
Onward, onward, be thy aim;
Upward only keep thine eye;
Clearer opes the Christian way,
When 't is walked in steadily.

To my Daughter A—.

MY daughter, youngling of the band
Which round the homestead fireside stand,
The last sweet gift of daughter-love
Intrusted from its Source above;

My heart, this moment, feels to bow,
That it is blessed with such as thou.

When first I gave my trembling hand
At love and duty's sweet command,
I knew and owned that One alone
Was to be served, and feared, and known;
And soon He taught my wayward heart
That I must choose "the better part."

My children numbered Eight, of yore,
And I am now just Seventy-four;
Sorrows and mercies wisely blent,
Have to my heart experience sent;
And taught me evermore to trust
The guidance of the Only Just.

Two of my band He called away
Early to heaven from time's short day;
And one—most loved of all!—beside
Is now no longer at my side;
Yet here my spirit bows to say
His will is best, and right alway.

But now, how soft my journey flows,—
How melts it into calm repose,—

While life's supporting columns stand;
My children, still at my right hand,
Inheriting their father's name,—
Partakers of his honest fame.

And thou, my constant daughter-friend,
Whose watchful care my steps attend,
How can my spirit grateful be
For this most precious gift to me?
Thy childhood mingled joy with care,—
Mine brings thee much to do and bear!

Well, be it thus. The Omniscient One
Regards thee, and thy duty done;
For well I know His loving eye
Is on thee, from His heaven on high;
And He will stoop to say to Thee,
"Thou hast done all this unto Me."

And, let me ask, in outward lot,
What blessing is there thou hast not?
A sweet south land its fragrance brings;
Then ask the Lord for added springs.
And, when thou canst, beseech, for me,
That mine a fadeless leaf may be,
Till planted in eternity.

1878.

"I would I were a Little Child."

OH, speak not thus! but onward press,—
The past, with all its stains, is gone;
Nor could we, if we would, redress
The blots we fear to gaze upon.

Had we youth's path again to tread,
Its snares to learn, its griefs endure,
With all our past experience led,
Our footsteps might be more secure.

But, even then, we cannot know
That He, who blessed our early way,
Would cause us wise and good to grow,
Or own the labors of our day.

'Tis only day by day we live,—
Live to obtain a better home;
Then o'er the past no longer grieve,—
Be wiser for the time to come.

I would not I again were young,—
I wish not always here to live;

I only would I were more strong,
More honour to my Lord to give.

Not for the good He bid me do,
Not for one thing that I have done;
But, rather, that He helped me through,
And led me when I could not run.

I honour Him, because I feel
That life is His alone to give;
And willingly I set my seal,
That 'tis a privilege to live,

And while I daily strive to bow
Before that Presence, ever nigh,
I thank Him I have learned to know
It is a privilege to die.

"Blessed are the Pure in Heart."

WHEN I think of the sweet benedictions
Which fell from the Saviour of men,
And the trusty, the true and the faithful,
Whose footsteps attended Him then;

I feel that a closer communion
Is offered His followers now,—
For in inward, invisible union
Their sanctified spirits may bow.

I feel, too, the smallest and meanest
Who tread in that glorified Way,
May be brightest, and safest, and cleanest,
And richer in blessings than they.

For the Comforter, promised by Jesus,
E'er he passed over Kedron's fair brook,
Now dwells as a Teacher within us,
To which all His children may look.

And what can be sweeter and nearer
Than to have His pure kingdom within?

And to feel He is every day nearer,
The more He redeems us from sin.

Oh, He asks for no outward oblation!
No frankincense, gems, or myrrh;
But He offers us pools of salvation,
And an angel their waters to stir.

Oh, quicken us, Father, in spirit!
Assist us more inward to be;
Grant us more of Thy love to inherit,
That we daily grow more like to Thee.

"Lacked ye Anything? Nothing, Lord."

WHEN this world was spread before thee,
With its glare and with its woe,
Was there not a guidance o'er thee,
Every ordered step to show?
Was there not a Day-star guiding?
Clearly shining on the way?
Needed help and strength providing,
And enabling thee to say,
"Nothing, Lord."

Lacked thou aught of food or raiment?
Lacked thou aught of holy cheer?
Did not always Heavenly payment
More than countervail thy fear?
When thy Saviour asked thee, greeting,
"Lacked thou aught upon thy way?"
Seemed it not like joy completing
When He taught thy heart to say,
"Nothing, Lord?"

Then, how canst thou doubt His coming
With the promised wine and oil?
When, with weariness contending,
Thou wouldst sink beneath thy toil?
Hearest thou not the Master asking,
"Children, is there any lack?"
Waiting, with His hand extended,
Till He hears you answer back,
"Nothing, Lord?"

Oh, Thou centre of all fullness!
Giver,—gift,—entire, complete!
Wilt Thou, in Thy mercy draw us
Nearer to Thy blessed feet?
There, there can be no privation,—
All will be complete in Thee;

And the gift of Thy salvation
Will our blest Omega be;
For in emptiness is fullness,
When the fullness comes from Thee.

The New Jerusalem.

IN the chambers above,
The beams are of love,
And the gates are of crystal sheen;
An undying song
To its inmates belong,
And its palm-leaf is always green.

But the chosen few,
Who its gates pass through,
Are not of earth's valiant and strong;
But the humble and meek,
Who feel they are weak,
To the entering tribes belong.

The leaves of its trees,
As they stir in the breeze,
Shed healing and balm in their way;

And the sun, in its might,
Never closes in night,—
For its day is an unending day.

In these beautiful ways,
Where the "Ancient of Days"
Sits enthroned in His treasures of light,
There's a brook and a fold
For the weary and old;
And the poorest are rich in His sight.

Oh, why should we miss
Of a dwelling like this,
On eternity's pearl-girded strand?
Where Shiloh's soft wave
For ever will lave
The rocks of that beautiful land.

Let us quicken our might
Toward this City of Light,
Though miry and rugged the road
For nought can compare
With the ecstasy there,—
For they all are the children of God.

"Give what Thou wilt: without Thee, we are Poor; and with Thee, Rich. Take what Thou wilt Away."

WHAT are all the rich presents and blessings
Which man—but as man—can bestow?
What are all human loves and caressings
Which can gather around us below?

If we lack in ourselves the sweet Presence
Which can bind every gift on the heart;
Which can stay even joy's evanescence,
And take from affliction the smart.

We are poor in the midst of abundance,
If the Master of Feasts is not there;
And all our o'erflowing redundance
Will leave us forsaken and bare.

We own not, of all that we gather,
Nor part nor possession at all;
It belongs to our Heavenly Father,
Whose will it may be to recall.

If we fail, from our heart, to deliver
  The suffering, the hungry, and cold;
If we heed not the Plentiful Giver,
  Nor shelter the feeble and old;

If we think our own hand has been able
  To draw down those gifts from above,—
To fill both our basket and table,
  And crown with the pledge of His love;

Then, remember, the blast and the mildew
  Are also the work of His hand;
And, if He withdraweth His Spirit,
  Our land is a desolate land.

Oh, help us, dear Father! to serve Thee,
  In all that we seek or we do;
And bring those who have never yet known Thee,
  To honour and worship Thee too.

That brighter, and better, and clearer
  The knowledge of Thee may become,
And all may be gathering nearer
  The Day-star which lighteth them home.

"Lord, and What shall this Man Do?"

John xxi. 21, 22.

"LORD, here is a man standing idle,—
I would he were working for Thee;
The fields are all whitening for harvest,
Then bid him come, gather with me."
"My son, I bade thee to follow,—
I put it not on Thee to lead;
And if, in My wisdom, he tarry,
Remember, I only am Head."

"Lord, here are some seeming to labor,—
They have implements fitted for toil;
They are busy with self and with neighbor,
Yet seem to do nothing the while."
"Who made thee a judge of their doings?
Thou seest not what is within;
Thou knowest not their secret misgivings,—
Their grief and convictions for sin."

"But, Father, they travel not with me,—
They walk in a far wider way;

And I think Thou wouldst scarcely forgive me,
If I worked with such weapons as they."
"My son, thou but partially judgest,—
I know both the first and the last;
I know all the motives that rule them,—
Their actions before they are past.

"Go thou to the work I assign thee,—
Be sure that thou followest Me:
The more closely thou cleaves to My service,
The clearer thy eyesight will be.
And while thou art cautiously treading
The way I in wisdom appoint,
Thou wilt never desire to be leading,
But as I approve and anoint.

"Nor wilt thou, with hasty conclusion,
Debar from the incomes of grace,
The brother or sister whose mission
May fall in a different place.
My sheep are not yet wholly gathered
From the by-ways or even the fold,
And the names that I then shall bring with Me,
Have never to mortals been told.

"But seek thou, with might and with earnest,
Which thou from My hand may receive,

For that inward and heavenly teaching,
Which leads both to act and believe.
There is but One heavenly Shepherd,—
Other spiritual lawgiver none,—
And when all shall have come to His teaching,
The Shepherd and Fold will be One."

To my Son S—.

WHEN first thy advent, gentle child,
Made glad thy earliest day,
Thy mother only lightly smiled,
Then turned her face away;
For she had hoped a daughter-gift might on her bosom lay.

But, ah! how little knows the heart
Its own behests to give?
How dark would be its life-long part?
How sad a thing to live,
If He, who knoweth all our needs, did not our wants relieve?

He knows the end of every hour,
Its mission to fulfill;
He knows how weak our futile power,—
Our wish more futile still;
And wisely overrules our wish by His more perfect will.

He knew that, to the world above,
Our saint was called to go;
And, in the mysteries of His love,
Must leave his loved below.
I know 't was love, and gentle love, that crushed our spirits so.

And oh! how more than Father-care
To plant thee, gentle boy,
Where thou, in after days, might share
And make a mother's joy:
Thus were my blessings multiplied, when seeming to destroy.

And now, my household strength art thou,
My right-hand staff and stay;
Though only—may it ever be!—
As Christ doth lead the way;
For He has been my staff and guide e'en to this very day.

And oft, dear child, my prayers have been—
Prayers His ear hath heard—
That He would keep thy foot from sin,
And teach thee by His Word;
And oh, may all thy future life be by His spirit stirred!

On my Seventy-fourth Birthday.

LORD, unto Thee my heart doth gravitate,
And, as I lay my daily cares aside,
And in Thy awful presence strive to wait,
While in the foldings of Thy love I hide,—
There cometh from Thee sweetly-laden gales
Of spicy freshness, like to eastern balm;
And erst it seemeth as if nature fails
To drink the fullness of the Spirit-calm.

For how can praise set forth the Guiding Power
Which, melted into love, has spread my way,
From the first dawning of my earliest hour
E'en to the evening of my lengthened day?
Praise cannot measure half the love and truth
Which all Thy goodness hath vouchsafed to me;

Not only that Thou kept my wayward youth,
But gave it, even then, Thy hand to see.

More than a moiety of a century's years
Have now their history of Thy mercies told;
And all their fullness of mistaken fears
Are in the records of Thy truth enrolled:
And, while I blush that I have ever dared
To doubt the shieldings of the Eternal wing,
And in the weakness of my spirit feared
And failed the meed of living faith to bring;

Yet, Father, now that, treading calm and slow
The pleasant pastures of declining years,
I joy to say, because I surely know,
Thou hast been better to me than my fears!
And I can even dare, when bowing low,
As to Thy dwelling-place approaching near,
To think Thy voice and loving words I know,
And feel Thy welcome on my inward ear.

On the Death of W. F—.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

WHENCE this sweet smell of incense? Has Heaven distilled
A fresh, new fragrance from the crystal throne?
Or has the Lord of Heaven in mercy filled
Our hearts with softness from Himself alone?
All-righteous art Thou, Father, when Thou givest
The morn's outgoings or the evening's dews;
All-righteous art Thou! Thou who ever livest!
Whether Thou give Thy blessings or refuse.

But, whence this fragrance? Whence this holy dew?
Which floats around us in the ambient air;
Hush! a freed soul is freshly passing through
The gates of pearl, and leaves its signet here.
Peace is on all around,—the peace of Him,
Which passeth understanding, resteth here;
Come, let us enter the sweet calm within,
And drink the glory while we dry the tear.

Twelfth month, 1878.

On being Asked, after a Religious Meeting, "If there were any Strangers there?"

YES, the Stranger of Galilee stood at the door,
While our spirits were gathered within!
We knew His sweet mien,—He had been there before,—
And we joyfully welcomed Him in.

Then He looked with an eye of most merciful love
On the few He had drawn to the place,
And the incense seemed fresh from His dwelling above,
As He breathed forth His heavenly grace.

For His presence so rested on each softened heart,
With an effluence surely divine,
That the smallest and meanest partook of a part,
And longed on His love to recline.

And they felt, in the silence and awe of His might,
That the Holy Baptizer was there;
That John had departed, indeed, from their sight,
But a Greater had come to declare

That, as never man taught, must His lessons be learned;
That His fan is to cleanse us within;
His fire,—a reprover that secretly burned;
His laver,—a washing from sin.

Oh, we long that His lessons of life-giving power
May rest on our spirits as dew!
That oft it may please Him that worshipping hour
In mercy and love to renew.

Then no guests from afar will be needed to tell
Of the Fount or the Mountain of Prayer;
For deeper by far than Samaria's well
Is the Fountain of Life that was there.

To my Friend H—, on her Seventieth Birthday.

DEAR Hannah, in the evening hour,
When sober thought finds greatest power,
Things often have assumed to me
A deep and strange reality;
And what I once looked lightly on,
Grew greater when the day was gone.
The evening hour befits us well
The duties of our day to tell;
To count our gains for labor earned,
To watch the waymarks where we turned;
And see if we have stepped aside
From narrow pathways into wide,
Or sadly left our Father-guide.

Well, is it not a blessing free
He still vouchsafes to thee and me?
That now a century, well nigh,
Hath flitted past both thou and I;
And yet we stand, through Heavenly grace,
Permitted still an earthly place;

That where we have not done His will,
We yet may watch and labor still;
And in the heavenly patience grow
More wisely skilled His work to know,
And more obediently to do.

One whom we loved in years gone by,
Now resting in her home on high,
Found all her duty safely done,
Her Saviour served, her guerdon won,
Before a moiety of our days
Had wearied her uplifted gaze.
Sweet, spotless sufferer! we, who shared
Her precious friendship, yet are spared
To finish, by a longer stay,
The missing web-work of our day:
And oh, that thou and I may be,
When all is finished, blest as she,—
Sharing her safe eternity!

1879.

To my Sister Anne.

SISTER, we have walked together
Through our young life's brake and glen;
And I think that a stronger tether
Is binding us now than then.

The days of our youth were shielded
By wings of paternal care,
And a sanctified home, that yielded
The incense of praise and prayer.

Ah! methinks that a dew yet remaineth
On the watered and softened ground,
Which oft-times, through mercy, retaineth
The rills that in Shiloh are found.

The boons of our childhood were many,
And happy the household band;
But the Master giveth not unto any
A blessing without a command.

So He bade me, not carelessly sleeping,
In grateful indulgence to stand,

And a home from the woodside just peeping,
He gave me right fresh from His hand.

I have wrought there, my sister, thou knowest,
In feebleness, early and late;
And though I am one of the lowest
That stand at the Counsellor's gate,

Yet His wages are,—peace overflowing;
A spirit intent on His will;
And, the richest of blessings, the knowing
He has promised, and He will fulfill.

But He called thee to watch with the watchers,
To stand by the bedside of pain;
To walk by the side of the aged,
And the mount of submission to gain.

He called thee to stand by the dying,
When the last pallid messenger came;
And He gave thee a spirit relying
For strength on His excellent Name.

And, though thou art left in thy stripping,
As almost alone with thy God,
Yet thy pleasure and also thy mission
Is to trust in His staff and His rod.

And I, by the wayside abiding,
Am still in my first rural home,
Where my moments are rapidly gliding
To the moments unending,—to come.

And though only a weakly wayfarer,
With nothing whatever to spare,
I feel thee, my sister, still nearer
Than when our young morning was fair.

And it may þe that He, who hath bidden
Our lives thus unitedly run,
May lead us so jointly to heaven
That, in death, we may nearly be one.

Feelings at Seventy-five.

JUST as one who softly treadeth
Near a steep, untrodden slope,
While his lantern faintly sheddeth
Glimmerings from undying hope;

Just as one who, greatly fearing,
Lest some hidden snare attend,

While his feet are pressing, nearing,
Slowly to his journey's end;

Thus my weary spirit walketh,—
Thus it faints, and hopes, and fears:
Sometimes with the past it talketh,—
Looking through the vale of years.

And, methinks, a sacred mission
Resteth inward on my heart,
To inquire for all the diction
Which portrays the acted part

In that fearful panorama,
Known and felt as human life:
Hast thou acted well the drama,
With such mighty portents rife?

Hast thou meekly bowed, embracing
All that marred thy chosen way?
Heavenly love and goodness tracing
On thy life-chart every day?

Hast thou scorned to think of others
As thou wouldst not have them think?
Hast thou cherished drooping brothers,
Handing cooling draughts to drink?

Lord, my spirit sinks before Thee
At the little I have done;
All the praise and all the glory
Must be Thine, if heaven is won!

Breathe Thou on my flagging pinion;
Dash its gathered dust away:
Wean out all of earth's dominion,—
Make me purer every day!

Strengthen, to the latest moment,
Heart and soul to cleave to Thee;
Bowing in primeval worship
To the One who loveth me.

Nearly gained, the latest station
Which divides me from Thy breast;
Only show me Thy salvation,—
Let me share Thy heavenly rest.

"For the Grave cannot Praise Thee."

Isaiah xxxviii. 18, 19.

COME, all ye living, gather near
To praise the Eternal King!
He stoops to lend His listening ear,
And condescends in love to hear
The praise a child may bring.

To those, who walk His living Way,
Death has no darkening gloom;
It brings to them that blissful ray
From Heaven's divine, eternal day
Which mocks the earth-bound tomb.

Oh, I remember when the years
Of early life were few!
How oft a wealth of childish tears,
Mingled with childhood's wondering fears,
Softened my heart anew

With longings that the glorious way
The righteous ever trod,

Might so be mine through all my days,
That when my spirit passed away,
It might return to God.

O Saviour! Thou hast taught us how
This glorious path to win,—
To serve Thee here, and love Thee now;
To all Thy precepts meekly bow,
Unstained by spot of sin.

Then shall we see in death, no dread;
In life to come, no gloom;
The heavenly incense angels shed
Upon the dying Christian's head,
Throws glory o'er the tomb.

These are the living ones, who wait
Their Saviour's time to die;
For they are those who celebrate,
Through Jordan's flood and Zion's gate,
The praise of God, Most High!

"Thy Dew is as the Dew of Herbs."

WHAT is the Dew of Heaven? Our Father, say,—
Is it to fear and serve Thee, day by day,
That Thou mayest keep and bless us every way?

Where is the Dew of Heaven? Is it not seen
In lowly valley, where the living green
Betrays the secret where its path hath been?

Here is the Dew of Heaven! It doth rest
With peaceful quiet in that humble breast,
Where calm repose secures her dove-like nest.

Giver of Dew! oh, rest Thou still on me!
Renew the vigor of my bending tree,
That it may bear immortal fruit to Thee.

Distil upon its branches, hour by hour,
A living freshness from Thy hand of power,
And make Thy love and peace my spirit's dower.

Then, like the dew, let Thy all-silent Word
By my re-quickened ear be inly heard,
Till all my soul within be Spirit stirred!

Replenished thus in stillness, and then brought
To the low spot where waiting ones are taught,
Thy seal shall rest alike on word, and deed, and
thought,—
This is the Dew of Heaven!

"Make a Joyful Noise unto the Lord."

THERE is praise within my soul,
There is praise upon my tongue;
Oh, why should I control
The harp by Goodness strung?
Then let me render, Heavenly Love, to Thee
That chant of grateful song Thy mercy giveth me.

I know that words are vain,
That song itself is mute,
If Thou give not the strain,—
The bud, the branch, the root.

Oh, Father! be Thou then the aim, the flight,
the way;
Be Thou my cherished Dove, and in my bosom
stay,

A prisoner in bars,
The pent bird strives in vain
To reach the upper stars,
The distant heaven to gain;
Yet, as in body bound, strives patiently to wait
Until the Ruling Hand unbar the prison-gate.

Thus doth the hampered soul,
With heavenly hope intent,
Wait for the loosening of the chord
That holds its fragile tent.
Then, from all bonds and bondage gathered free,
It shall break forth, O Lord, in glorious songs to
Thee.

Under Suffering.

AGED, aged! trembling, weary!
Almost tired of earth to-day;
Yet the Saviour will not hear me,
If one murmuring word I say,—
If one murmuring thought I think,
As I stand upon life's brink.

Murmuring thoughts, come not ye near me,
Weak and helpless though I be!
Much of earth have I to cheer me,—
Much, O Lord, of heaven and Thee!
Yet poor frailty, linked with spirit,
Would a richer dower inherit.

Much I long to learn the mission
Age and weakness comes to teach;
Long to know the blest condition
Murmuring hearts can never reach;
Even one unquestioning trust
In all the orderings of the Just.

Youth has passed its golden seedtime,
Noonday life its gathered store;

Y. E. Y— and S. G—.

ıds travelling on a Religious Visit.

S, I would bid you speed
ur tribulated way:
ughtless, think and plead;
rayerless, work and pray.
ur, Thou didst tread
burning way!

little longer
ness of years,
ly help you onward
of many tears;
r weakness stronger,—
ı faith for fears.

ks, few and feeble,
at I have trod,
ıel's Feeder
d th eir God;
eir Leader
through the flood.

Harvest-hymns have oft-times echoed
  Round my favored homestead door;
And shall I now, with plaintive voice,
Forbear to bid my soul rejoice?

Or shall my moments pass on sadly,
  As I con my evening hymn?
Why not rather gather gladly,—
  From the aching, weary limbs,—
That these meted cups of chastening
Shadow forth that heaven is hastening?

Just a little, little longer,—
  Just a few more suns to set;
Daily patience, grow thou stronger,—
  Faith, new winged, shall triumph yet.
Soon will sound the call to come
To the welcome gathering home!

Holy Spirit, all sin-tainted
  Are the offerings I have brought;
Long ago my soul had fainted
  Hadst Thou not deliverance wrought;
Oh, sanctify, with heavenly power,
The evening light of life's last hour!

To P. E. B— and S. G—.

Friends travelling on a Religious Visit.

SISTERS, I would bid you speed
On your tribulated way:
For the thoughtless, think and plead;
For the prayerless, work and pray.
Blessed Saviour, Thou didst tread
For us all a burning way!

I have lived a little longer
In the wilderness of years,
And would gladly help you onward
In your path of many tears;
Gladly make your weakness stronger,—
Gladly give you faith for fears.

Scattering landmarks, few and feeble,
Mark the path that I have trod,
Yet I know that Israel's Feeder
Is their Helper and their God;
And will always be their Leader
Through the fire or through the flood.

Sisters, take my heartfelt blessing,—
Take my sympathy and love;
On your faithful hearts are pressing
Burdens I can not remove;
But I know that round you, resting,
Are the arms of Heavenly Love.

And, when all the cups are handed,
When the latest seal is set,
And your service here is ended,
He, you served, can not forget;
But will grant abundant entrance
Where the "Shining Ones" are met.

"No Man stood with Me. Yet, Jesus stood with Me."

CHRISTIAN, standeth none beside thee,
Or those only who deride thee?
Standeth thou there, oppressed and poor,
Like menial at a palace-door,—
Stripped and naked, all alone,
With nothing thou canst call thy own?

Look around thee,—all is dreary;
None to pity or to cheer thee.
All these changes brought before thee,—
For thou dared to tell the story
Of an inward path to glory,
With the great and glorious vision
Which insured thee thy commission.
Pharisee, with arms extended,
Jew and Gentile, self-commended,—
These may prison-bind and fetter,
Christ doth love thee all the better.

With the thieves in condemnation,
Stood the Giver of Salvation;
And it well becomes His saint
Not to falter or to faint;
But, in burning path with Him,
Aim for glorious seraphim.
In living furrows, broad and deep,
Is sown the seed the martyrs reap;
For Christ is with thee, even now,
To wipe the life-blood from thy brow;
He stands beside thee, holds thee up,
And helps thee drink the bitter cup.
And when thy evening fire grows dim,
And high ascends thy latest hymn,

Then thou, enrobed in living light,
Shall walk, indeed, with Him in white;
Be ever with the Undying One,
Within thy hand the pure white stone.

On Seeing a Moth-eaten Garment.

THOU little, depredating moth!
Take all thy dusky tribes away;
How couldst thou thus destroy the cloth,
Which cost me so much care and pay?

I folded, very smooth and neat,
The valued garment thus invaded;
Nor ever dreamed thou'd dare to eat
A thing so delicately shaded.

And now I see the end and drift
Of all our disappointing cares,—
It is, that we must often lift
Our goods to seek for hidden snares.

We may not tuck away, unheeded,
One covert gift, and think it sure;

Nor judge our watchfulness unneeded,
Its safe protection to secure.

In every nook there creeps a foe,—
An enemy in each retreat,—
That heedless man may learn to know
There is no safety for his feet;

But, as he watches, day by day,
To keep his inner garments white;
Nor lay them, unconcerned, away,
Thinking to find them always right.

"He will Ever be Mindful of His Covenant."

HOW transient each choicest emotion!
How seemingly vapid and vain!
Like a waif on the perilous ocean,—
It passeth and comes not again.

Yet the blessings of Him, the Unchanging,
May gather wherever they rest,—
On the tear or the sigh of contrition,
And make them eternally blest.

Though our hearts may be almost despairing,
The Comforter, distant and dim,
Yet He surely will cease not from caring
For those who are seeking for Him.

He may seem to be giving no heeding
To the plaintive and desolate one,
While He yet with His Father is pleading
For the succor already begun.

There is surely a blessed munition,
Where billows may threaten in vain;
Where the anchor remaineth unriven,
And the chain an unperishing chain!

Then keep us, dear Saviour, while waiting,
In trustfulness moored unto Thee,
Till the moment Thy wisdom appointeth
Thy perfect salvation to see.

For we know Thou art love everlasting,
And cannot forsake or forget;
And Thy time of deliverance is hastening,
Though faithlessness sees it not yet.

"Be Content with Your Wages."

BE content with your wages, though meagre and low
Be the portion thy Lord hath assigned thee below;
Though thou may not partake of the King's dainty meat,
And, like Daniel of old, have but little to eat;
He, who gives us our dower, can make us content
With a dinner of pulse, if by Him it is sent.

Be content with your wages, and look not to Him
With a murmuring lip, a heart shaded and dim;
Nor expect to be blessed with the gifts of His grace
With a heart discontented and frown-covered face;
For the little or much which He wills to impart
Will prove riches and dew to a joy-gifted heart.

If but little attend thee, wait daily for more,
And watch when the Master is opening the door;
If His hand is extended with only a crust,
Accept it in faith and, with gratitude, trust;
For if thou but sit on the lowly, green grass
Where His own hallowed footsteps will certainly pass,
Then, by His rich blessing, the fish and the bread
Will be more than sufficient, and thou shalt be fed.

Let us pray without ceasing, and never complain,—
For the prayers of the murmurers are offered in vain,—
As our Father in heaven has never intended
That His will or His work should, by man, be amended.

My Seventy-fifth Birthday.

Twelfth month 19th, 1879.

BIRTHDAY of Seventy-five,
A century almost run;
Thus long to live and strive,—
What record have I shown
Of earnest labor—well and truly done?

Thou High and Lofty One! eternity inhabiting,
Draw near to me;
From Thee no thought is hidden:
Thine eye can see
All that has been, or is, or e'er shall be.

I feel myself but nought,
As in Thy sight I bow;
Yet Thou my spirit taught
This truth to know,
That from Thy heights above Thou seest the low.

Tread Thou upon all height,—
All pride restrain;

And, in the goodness of Thy might,
Make loss my gain;
All things must fail but Thou, and Thou alone
remain.

The outgoings of the morning now are past,—
Father, and Friend!
Shelter Thy handmaid to the very last,
And the pure incomes of Thy Spirit
send,
To give her faith and victory to the end.

Oh, crystal Stream!
In whose pure midst stands the immortal tree,
Whose healing leaves
Extend their heavenly virtue e'en
to me,
Be Thou around, within,—be all in all; until I
lave in Thee!

"His Place of Defence shall be the Munitions of Rocks."

I STRIVE to ope my windows wide
To Heaven's eternal throne;
To cast the entangling world aside,
And love the Lord alone;

But oh, the countless hindering things
So draw my heart to them,
That while I feel my Saviour near,
I scarce can touch His hem.

Oh, Holy Spirit! often grieved
By man's too truant way,
Help us to be no more deceived,—
No more to step astray.

Help us to see, as things of nought,
Each puny, cumbering care;
To circumscribe each wandering thought
In which Thou hast no share;

And, gathering nearer to Thy side,
In humble silence wait,
Until Thou art pleased to open wide
The narrow inner gate.

There, even midst the strife of tongues,
The spirit may repose,—
There the sweet "rest prepared" belongs;
The Stream of Shiloh flows.

"Tell me, Thou whom my Soul loveth, where Thou Feedest."

OH, Holy Dove! my spirit mourns
That Thou shouldst turn away;
And with a longing ardor burns
To ask, why I should stray?
And wherefore in my truant heart
Thou canst no longer stay?

If, turning from Thy gentle hand,
My soul Thy paths refuse;
Or knocking at the door Thou stand
Till wet with evening dews;

Then chasten with Thy tender rod
Till I Thy waymarks choose.

Put but Thy hand upon the door,
Its secret latch to move,
And let the spices, flowing o'er,
Betray Thy hidden love;
That so my sorrowing soul once more
Embrace its Heavenly Dove!

"Be not Faithless, but Believing."

FATHER,—Thy oft-rebellious one
Doth still regard the clouds,
Unmindful of that glorious sun
Thy wisdom only shrouds.

Oh, shall our spirits never learn
The teachings of Thy love?
That bids us constantly to yearn
For Thee and things above;

Yet willingly to bide the veil
Thou sometimes drops between

Our anxious, longing, weeping sight
And that blest home unseen?

To trust Thee on,—all fruitless care
To cast in faith aside;
To ask Thy aid in secret prayer,
And feel Thou wilt provide?

To watch and wait, each lonely hour,
When Thou hast turned away;
Remembering that Thy unseen power
Is with us every day,—

Only a little moment hid
From our too slender faith,
That we may list with quickened ear
To what Thy Spirit saith?

Oh, 'tis by faith we come to Thee,
Or reach Thy changeless light!
And, could our spirits always see,
It were not faith,—but sight.

Midnight—Sick.

First month, 1880.

THEY left me alone with my God,
And I gathered my spirit before Him;
I knew 'twas His chastening rod,
And I asked for more strength to adore Him.

Then I longed that each wrinkle and blot
That had sullied my soul with a stain,
In unmerited mercy might not
On my spirit be left to remain.

Then I saw the sweet face of my Lord,
And He said, "Though thy crown will be light;
Though thou feebly hath walked in My law,
Yet thou standest approved in My sight.

"For thou hast not rejected My love;
My Name thou hast never denied;
And in one of My mansions above
I will gather thee near to My side."

Then I bowed in such contrite emotion,
That my bands seemed asunder to part;
And I asked that forever my portion
Might be with the lowly in heart.

In Sickness.

First month, 1880.

"I HAVE something else for thee to do,—
For thee to do, My child;
I have better things for thee to do,
Than thus beguiling moments through
This tangled, checquered wild.

"And something more for thee to do,
Thou Soldier of the Cross;
If thou wouldst covenant renew,—
If thou wouldst see the battle through
Without consuming loss,—

"Thou must not sit in tardy mood,
Or indolent unrest;

Watching or waiting for the good
With which a careless multitude
Are hoping to be blest.

"Arise and say, 'Here am I, Lord,—
Thy will is my behest;
Make me a bearer of Thy Word,—
Send where Thy Name has not been heard;
In blessing, make me blest.' "

But we can often work for Thee
Where reason sees it not;
Our mission-ground may only be
A little home beloved by Thee,
Or e'en a suffering lot.

The bed of sickness blessed by Thee,
The cup of grief prepared,
May, for ourselves alone, not be;
But, in Thy fathomless decree,
Be for another shared.

Or grief and suffering may be ours,
To fit our souls for Thee;
To curb our haste, to guide our powers,
To sanctify our restless hours,
That helpers we may be.

E'en as the pressure on sweet bloom
Sends forth a fuller gush,
So many a sickness-saddened room
Has flung from heaven more rich perfume
In answer to its touch.

On my Recovery.

First month 30th, 1880.

MY Master had called me away
With His winning and heavenly voice;
He had called me a season to stay
Apart from the earth and its noise.

He had bid me come nearer to Him,
And brush the old dust from my shoes;
Lest His lamplight within should grow dim,
Or His treasures grow common with use.

And He led me where shadows were dim,—
Where quiet and waiting was found,—
Where I seemed to be whispering to Him,
And to tread upon sanctified ground.

And He said, "'T is My will to refine,
To make thee more precious than gold;
I wish to instruct thee as Mine,
And gather thee into My fold."

Then the laver of sickness and pain
He brought to my poor, dusty mind;
And He dipped me again and again,
That I might become wholly refined.

Then He lifted me up from the pool,
And showed me His heavenly face;
And He said, "Thou hast been in My school,
To gain a more excellent place.

"Now, return to thy work and thy way;
Draw closer and closer to Me;
So long as I lengthen thy day,
Thy Father and Friend I will be."

I accepted His excellent boon,—
For I knew only He could restore;
And I worshipped to think that, so soon,
I could go back to life as before.

But I paused to remember the gift,
Of amendment and pain, had been mine;

But to hallow the spirit, and lift
  Above all things of earth, was divine.

And I said, "The restoring to health
  Is a blessing no mortal can give;
And 'tis even a blessing of wealth
  That the soul is permitted to live.

"But I would not one moment forget
  The blessings of sickness and pain;
For their dew and their teachings must yet
  Long, long on my spirit remain.

"And, while I must praise Thee, O Lord,
  For the health Thou in mercy hath given,
May I never forget to record
  The suffering that bound me to Heaven."

To A. H—, on her Ninetieth Birthday.

NEARLY One hundred! Left to grow
  Within God's husbandry below;
Till plant and fruit, through Heavenly grace,
Are ripened for a holier place.

Friend of my youth! thy length of years
A brighter superscription bears
Than when, in noonday strength, we stood
Companions in life's early wood;
Saplings, with tender branch entwined,
Striving the self-same Lord to find.

Well, HE was found of thee, I know,—
Thy faith and patience tell me so;
And if, perchance, thy eyesight dim
May lose one moment's view of Him,
Yet He is there,—then calmly wait
Until He opes the jasper-gate.

Sweet Words.

OH, Saviour! when Thy loving voice
Fell on the thirsting ear
Of those Thou madest to rejoice
Thy gospel words to hear;
When erst they leaned upon Thy breast,
Or wandered by Thy side,—
Knowing that all are doubly blest
With whom Thou dost abide.—

How oft their quivering spirits hung
On each ecstatic word
Which flowed from Thy holy tongue,
In heavenly cadence heard?

Oh, words of peace! oh, words of love!
Again renew the hearts
Which oft have sought to rise above
Distrust's repelling arts;
Speak Thou again of "sparrows sold,"—
Those things of tiny worth,—
Yet doth Thy heavenly hand uphold
And keep them from the earth!
And let our numbered hairs remind
Our tempted, doubting souls,
That He, who rules the sea and wind,
And every wave controls,

Has yet His blessed "Fear ye not"
In store for those who weep,
And never has He once forgot
Those who His statutes keep.
Saviour, we cannot come or stay
Just where we want to be,—
We cannot always turn and pray
In "desert-place" with Thee,—

But we can ask Thy guardian wing
To keep us in the right;
And, if a humble trust we bring,
There surely will be light.

"The Day is Far Spent."

THERE seems to be a sunset tinge
On every thing I see;
And all I am, and think, and feel,
Seems drawing nearer Thee,—
Heavenly Father, nearer Thee.

I know Thou lovest the cheerful heart,
From dark misgivings free;
Intent to act a perfect part,
And humbly worship Thee,—
Father, to worship Thee!

But now, the sound of merry words
E'en from an infant tongue,
And shouting peals and laughter loud
My thoughts are not among,—
Dear Father, not among!

For silently I love to dwell
On things of deep intent;
To trace old paths I know so well,
Where we together went,—
Father! together went.

Thou leading me, a truant child,
Yet never left alone;
Forward and rash, but loving still
The True and Faithful One,—
Loving the Faithful One.

Oh, Holy Love! whose guardian light
Beams at this very day;
'T is curtained round my couch at night,
'T is with me all the way,—
Yes, Father! all the way.

And in the sweetly shaded vale,
Where slowly now I tread,
I feel it all my path regale,
Like blossoms round me spread,—
Father! around me spread.

Yet still there seems a sunset tinge
On every thing I see;

A hallowed touch of sacred things
Which gathers near to Thee,—
Father in heaven, to Thee!

"The Blessing of the Lord, it Maketh Rich."

WHERE Thou art not, O Lord, I ask no blessing,—
No early watering and no latter rain;
No swelling tide of love's profuse caressing,
No height of wealth nor honour to attain;
And e'en professing sanctity is vain.

Come not applause,—come not the vapid story
Of talents, wit, or elocution rare;
My spirit longs for more abiding glory
Than all of earth, if, Lord, Thou art not there;
Since these can bless us not without Thy fear.

Give us but this; bend all, beside it, down;
E'en life's no blessing but as lived to Thee;
Let the low footpath, once by Thee made known,
Be all our quickened eyes desire to see;
For all besides will doubt and darkness be.

We have no sorrows that we may not carry
Before the Presence of the Pitying One;
And, though His peace-word sometimes seems to tarry,
E'er the sweet echo of "Thy will be done,"
Yet trust, 'tis but a cloud upon thy spirit-sun.

"Wherefore didst Thou Doubt?"

OH, heed thee, trembler! press thou on,
The Helper waits to save;
Look upward. Onward,—dare to press
Thy foot upon the wave.

With firmness step,—He bids thee come;
Nought is too hard for Him;
Thou canst not cross o'er Jordan's flood,
If thou refuse its brim.

The early rain may not fulfill
All that thy spirit hopes;
Wait for the latter rain, and still
Trust for the promised crops.

Plume up again thy folded wing,—
No latent hope destroy,—
For faithful, trusting labors bring
The aftermath of joy.

1881.

"And He went away into a Desert Place."

FATHER, it seemeth long
Since I have hushed me 'neath Thy loving face;
Since I have gathered in Thy sweet embrace,
Or dwelt Thy smiles among.

And I have felt just like a little child,
Close to the hedgeways, seeking but a leaf;
Not daring to expect a gathered sheaf
In this poor wild.

Yet, stooping lowly, I have found
Sometimes a blossom wet with living dew;
Hidden, perhaps, and trodden down, yet tending to renew
A patient seeking in this cheerless ground.

I want Thy owning look
Once more to gladden this dull, drooping heart;
I want, more certainly, to feel that where Thou art
Is found Thy staff and crook.

But, if the desert place,
Where noontide sun and glory enter not,
Were places by Thy hallowed footsteps unforgot,
They should be temples to a child of grace.

Be with us, Lord,
In all the desert-way Thou bidst us go;
And, if Thy patient willingness we know,
This is reward.

"It is a Good Thing to Give Thanks unto the Lord."

THE fire in my humble tent was low,
And my lamp burned slow and dim;
But I thought, if the Master would have it so,
I would leave it all to Him;

Though I secretly longed more faith to know,—
More strength my lamp to trim.

My fare was small, for but little bread
Was given whereon to feed;
But I knew that no place for my Saviour's head
Was found in His greatest need;
And I also knew that He lovingly said,
"To the lowly I will give heed."

So I gathered me near to His heavenly feet,
And labored in patience to wait,
Till my spirit was helped of the Lord to entreat
To be kept in my low estate;
For He smileth sometimes on the humblest seat,
When He turneth away from the great.

"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

I LEAVE it all to Thee,—
My sure Protector and my youthful Guide;
For what Thy bounteous wisdom may provide,
Befits me not to see.

Surely my soul may trust,
Close in His hand, the secrets yet unknown
Of that dim future, kept by Him alone
Who yet regards His dust.

Years of unceasing watch
Has this high Guardian kept o'er me and mine,
And should I, recreant, fail then to resign
The closing of the latch?

His hand is on it now,—
These fading earth-scenes all, will soon be o'er;
I love them, Father, but I love Thee more,
And to Thy greatness bow.

Thy love I cannot doubt,—
Thy perfect wisdom in all things I see;
And, if in all things, then it reacheth me,—
Since nothing is forgot.

Keep Thou the hidden scroll,—
Unfold it as Thou wilt, it must be right;
Only prepare, and by Thy secret might
Make my soul bless Thee as its leaves
unroll.

"Pray without Ceasing."

I WAS watching the dark eastern cloud
That curtained the opening day,
When methought that a Voice, almost loud,
Called unto me, "Pray, my child,—pray."

Then I saw, in the noon's fervid heat,
That the flowers were shrinking away
And no wayside invited my feet,
But the Voice still enjoined me to pray.

Then the night came resistlessly on,
My vespers I labored to say;
And the Voice said, "The daylight is gone,
But thou must continue to pray."

Then I answered, "My Father, Thou knowest
I have watched for Thy finger alway;
And, although but the meanest and lowest,
I feel Thou hast taught me to pray.

"And the morning, the noon, and the night
In Thy hand's glorious hollow are laid;
But Thy blessings of mercy and light
Descend upon her who has prayed."

"Rejoice Evermore; Pray without Ceasing; and in Everything give Thanks."

Fifth month, 1881.

I PRAISE Thee, O Lord, for the fullness of things
This springtide brings to me;
For the sorrow that droops my folded wings,—
For the beauty in all I see;
For I know that the sad and the beautiful, too,
are sent alike by Thee.

For the bright light-green of the maple fringe;
For the robin's untiring note;
For his shining coat with its scarlet tinge,
And the songs which swell his throat;
And I thank Thee, too, for the calm, blue sky,
and the clouds which in ether float.

And, while every blossom, and flower, and tree
Are breathing forth lessons of praise,
They teach that Thy care is extended to me,
And a new Ebenezer I raise;
While I ask for Thy teaching and leading help
to serve Thee the rest of my days.

For the mercy that covers Thy glorious throne,
For the goodness that reaches to all;
For the love which upholds me when walking alone,
And Thy help when I'm ready to fall;
But most for that drawing which lifts me to Thee,
and the heed that doth answer my call.

"And God said, Let there be Light: and there was Light."

THOU teacheth as man teacheth never,
Thou Promise of the saints "for ever;"
Thou Hope of nations,—the desire
To which our heaven-born thoughts aspire;
Oh, come Thou!—move Thou once again
As erst with power Thou moved, when

Thou spake the light, and bade it be
From clinging darkness ever free.

We know no word but Thine; no might
Hath power to say, "Let there be light;"
Then wilt Thou, in Thy sovereign love,
Upon our mingled chaos move?
Cast all our lingering doubts away,
And bid the "True Light" only stay?

We long to be from all things free,
Which keep our troubled souls from Thee;
We long to see that darkness gone
Which veils the sunlight of Thy throne;
But be Thy time far off or near,
When we shall feel Thy presence clear,
Grant Thou Thy help in "hope deferred,"
And lead us still to trust Thy Word.

"But I have Prayed for Thee, that Thy Faith fail Not."

OH, pray for me also, dear Saviour and Friend,
For my spirit is ready to faint by the way!
I have longed for the safety Thy Spirit can send;
I have longed for Thy Spirit to help me to pray.

And if, Holy Helper of the helpless and poor,
Thou wilt now, in Thy goodness and grace, condescend
With the Spirit of Prayer just to open the door,
Whence the sense of Thy help may be felt to descend;

Then shall prayer be exchanged for a garment of praise,
And the soul learn to trust Thy pure mercy to see,
Who Thyself hath vouchsafed a petition should raise
For safety and strength when thus leaning on Thee.

The Widow of Zarephath.

GENTLY watching, sweetly waiting,—even on the very track,
Whispering to the loving Master, listening what He speaketh back;
Whispering that her meal is failing, in her cruse but little oil,
Waiting for the blessed Father to release her from her toil;
Or to ask some new commission from His bounteous, loving hand,
To fulfill her widowed mission in the famine-stricken land.

"One more work I have assigned thee ere thou liest down to die,
Feed My prophet, hunger-stricken, and I will thy wants supply."
Faith was low, but life and duty were the watch-words of her heart,
And she hastened to obey, to perform her humble part;

Coming to the cruse and barrel, very scanty is
her store,
But she poureth forth that little, and each day
is added more.

Faithful to her Lord's command, asking not the
reason why,—
"Feed My prophet" was sufficient, and she
brought her whole supply;
But the blessing of the Faithful waiteth on the
patient one,
And sustaining plenty flowed for herself and for
her son.
Oh, ye tossed and doubtful workers, hand ye
forth your frugal store!
Use it at your Master's bidding, He will surely
give you more;
For the feeders of His prophets and the suc-
courers of His lambs
Shall, in drought, receive a blessing and, in
wind and storm, a calm.

To R. B. P. P—.

Twelfth month 19th, 1881.

THIS is thy mother's birthday, child,
Of Seventy-seven years,—
'T is wonderful what has beguiled
Those days of joys and tears.

Well, I can say this was my psalm,
When life was fresh and young,
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him,"—
On this my hope was hung.

And feeble, though, the homage paid,
By efforts weak and few,—
By broken vows, by trusts mislaid,
And promises untrue,—

Which often marred and often broke
The shining path I loved;
Yet still His loving, blessed yoke
My happy safeguard proved.

Now, in the ebbing of my days,
  This joy my spirit hath,
"Acknowledge Him in all thy ways,
  He will direct thy path."

"Acknowledge Him!" oh, heavenly boon!
  My daughter, do not stay;
Thou canst not sing this song too soon,
  If He directs thy way.

Ah! has He not directed mine
  Through haze, and maze, and wood?
And caused His blessed lamp to shine
  When darkness o'er me stood?

Yes, Lamp Divine, I witness now
  Thy all-sufficient power!
And to its radiance inward bow
  In this, my lengthened hour;

Trusting its calm, benignant light
  Will ever with me stay,
Until this clouded, faltering sight
  Shall reach the perfect day.

On my Seventy-seventh Birthday.

MARVEL ye, the weary pilgrim, travelling near the setting sun,
Almost asks His loving Master when his warfare will be done,
And his long rest surely won?
Almost feels that, in his journey, little ills seem great ones now,
And the weight of e'en an insect felt is on his burdened brow,
And a small thing makes him bow.

Feels that, day by day, his life-hold lessens on the things of earth;
Feels that youth, and joy, and beauty cannot know another birth;
And that sadness shades his mirth.
Patient traveller, keep thou onward to the very westward brim,—
He who owns the golden sunset will attract thy steps to Him,
As thou chants thy evening hymn.

Listen to the evening zephyr,—hear the soft
tones of the dove,—
Say they not in peaceful numbers Jesus opes his
arms of love,
As He welcomes thee above?
Not because so heavy-laden hath thy travel oft-
times been,—
Not because thou feared Him alway, or was
never sold to sin;
But because thou art forgiven, come
thou in.

A New-Year's Tribute.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me."—*Psa.* i. 23.

COULD but this glowing heart of mine
One other feeling hold
Of love and gratitude combined,
For all Thy gifts untold;

Then would I grave upon its midst,
And fasten safely there,
A record of the works Thou didst,
Which all my days declare.

And now I register anew
My early life-sung psalm;
My ancient covenants renew,
And mercies flesh embalm.

I bless Thee that Thou still hast stayed
The east wind's chilling power,
And to Thy shorn lamb oft-times made
Its blasts a gentle shower.

Thou'st blessed my "basket and my store,"
And blessed Thy smiting rod,—
My goings out, my comings in,
And e'en the path I trod.

Now I am old, but blessings still
Are gathering where I stand;
And now I wait Thy gracious will
To reach the far-off land;

For there, Thy way-bound, weary dove,
Fresh girt with heavenly might,
May ever more assert Thy love
Where days end not in night.

The Conditional Promise.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Mal.* iii. 10.

SUFFER me not, dear Lord, to dare presume,
Because Thy mercies are so very great;
Let me not venture even to assume
To be aught else but Lazarus at the gate,
Where for my daily crumbs I calmly watch
and wait;

Since I have nothing I can call my own,
No rag wherewith my nakedness to hide;
No trust nor prop, but on Thy arm alone;
No other refuge where I may abide,
Only as step by step I journey by Thy side.

Down from the heavens above comes every gift
To which the chastened spirit dare aspire;
And by Thy help alone the heart can lift
Unuttered words, or ask that hallowing fire,
Which, if unfanned by Thee, must flicker and
expire.

Yea, righteous art Thou, Father, while I plead,
That all the blessings handed out to me,—
Wherewith Thou condescendeth to my need,—
May rise with added increase unto Thee;
While nought, and less than nought, the all
of self may be.

To my dear Son C—, in Time of Trial.

Second month, 1882.

AH! troubled dove,
Thou hast not found, in all this watery waste,
One speck of azure or one foothold stay;
No branch of verdure suited to thy taste,—
No home of shelter on thy billowy way,—
Then look above.

Thine eye dims not,—
Though far and very wide thy weary wing
Hath borne thy bosom o'er the surging wave;
Thou hast no song of comfort now to sing;
Thy hidden Helper is not near to save,—
Hard seems thy lot!

Dost thou not see,
Poor bird! indeed, in very truth, thou art not lost!
Deep waters are around thee,—dark and drear;
Yet, though thou seemest to thyself so tossed,
The unslumbering One is watching very near
To comfort thee.

And bye and bye,
With peace unutterable, which thou ne'er hast known,
He will come forth, with healing in His wing;
Which, from His own rock-hidden cliff alone,
To thy tired spirit He will surely bring.
Is He not nigh?

On C. P. J—.

Deceased Second month 13th, 1882.

LAID down to rest!
The race, though short, was run,
The Master's work all done,
And the blest victory won.

Laid down to rest!
Scarce was it yet high noon,
But can this glorious boon
Be given to us too soon?

Laid down to rest?
Why should we wish to keep
The loved, in this wild deep,
From Heaven's appointed sleep?

Laid down to rest!
Father,—to rest in Thee;
And can we not now see,
How hushed that rest must be?

Father, I would commune a little by Thy side,
With Thee, my steadfast helper, shield, and prop!
My counsellor, my advocate, my guide,
To Thee my spirit turns with joyful hope.

Help me an evening sacrifice to bring,—
Give me Thy owning hand of strength to know;
Be pleased to keep me by Thy nether spring,
Whose living waters must forever flow.

My steps are weary, but in Thee is might;
My feet are nearing to the heavenly door;
Vouchsafe Thy staff, Thy peace, Thy blessed light,
Until I rest with those just gone before.

From Nebo to Heaven.

AS slow up Nebo's mountain-height
The Chief of Israel trod,
Forgetful of his former might
He simply followed God.

And wherefore should the wave-nursed boy,
Whose rush-net couch had proved
A passport to the very joy
Of motherhood beloved,—

Oh, wherefore, in his "undimned" age,
Should he mistrust the Word,
Which—true within his inmost soul—
His ear had always heard?

As now it spake, "Go up and die
In the sweet valley near,
And My own hand shall bury thee:"
These were no words to fear.

For, oh, if like this patient one,
We dwell so near to God,
That our whole life is marked by Him,
One Heaven-directed road!

We need not dread to hear His voice,—
Sweet Leader, Judge, and King,—
No doubt but Nebo's weary way
Will peaceful entrance bring.

To my Daughter J—.

Fourth month, 1882.

DAUGHTER, for thee,—thou pensive, lonely bird,—
Thy mother's sympathies are oft times stirred.
She who, in earlier years, has felt the blight
Of this close stripping from her heart's delight;

Her nest-mate gone,—no echo to her will;
No cadence from that voice, now mute and still!
Yet is there not, e'en now, a sweetness brought
O'er the calm spirit and the chastened thought,
As erst we dwell on all the halcyon days
Of winter sunshine and of summer haze?
When—jointly waiting 'neath the Heavenly wing—
For the blessed incense early offerings bring;
Or sadly learning, by experience taught,
The missing blessings disobedience wrought,—
All these are passed, but the dear Master knows
How best His gifts or sufferings to dispose.
Be ours a crowned or a deserted nest,
Without Him all is void, and with Him blest.
His gracious object ever is the same,
Although we may not understand its aim;
Which never is to grieve, or us distress,
But that we love Him more, His creatures less
To strip the world of its entangling charms,
And fold us closer in His loving arms.

We were Many.

WE were many, we were many,
When my Lord first said to me,
"Go thou forth into My vineyard;
Work while yet the day may be."
We were many,—striplings tender
Gathered round us, one by one;
Long and weary days of labor
Witnessed oft our setting sun.

We were many,—in the valley,
Not upon the mountain brow;
For our aims of humble duty
Were the same as they are now;
Yet we had a loving Father
Watching for our hidden good,
And He often helped us onward
In the valley where we stood.

Said He, "Keep within My limits,—
I will keep your hearts from sin;
Seek Me as your daily helper,—
Bind My precepts fast within.

Let the world dance on around you,—
Only fix your souls on me,—
It may chide or e'en revile you,
Happier only shall you be."

We were many,—now, how scattered,
Scathed, and worn my rifted tree;
As I stand amid the shadows,
Sheltered only, Lord, by Thee!
Some have left the valley homestead,
And have pitched a younger tent,
But our hearts in love commended
Young wayfarers as they went.

But one bough of noble stature,
Where I nestled most of all,
From my watching eye was severed
By a high and sudden call!
Not one branch was half so precious
To my doting, loving heart,—
One, and still another, followed,
Till the watchword seemed, Depart.

Almost branchless, almost leafless,
In the pleasant valley-land,
Wait I now to hear the Master,
"Here thou may no longer stand."

Then, as "teil-tree," or as oaken,
May that living sap be found,
Which shall be His gracious token,
That I've cumbered not the ground.

Watch and Pray.

OH, to be watching,—watching,—
'T is the only passport given
To each truant child of Adam,
To find the path to heaven.
We may think to move right onward,
Almost to touch the latch;
But we shall surely miss the gateway
If we cease the constant watch.

Oh, to be praying,—praying,—
When the days are dim and drear,
That the Lord will heed the straying,
And the lowly prayer hear;
For, if we are always praying,
The Lord in passing by
May hear our humble, fervent asking,
And tell us He is nigh.

Oh, to be waiting,—waiting,—
For we watch and pray in vain,
If we hasten on untimely
Our own self-will to gain;
But to be waiting,—waiting,—
To do Thy will, dear Lord,
Then shall our watching keep us,
And our prayers will be heard.

"Her Sins, which are many, are Forgiven: for She loved Much."

OH, to be all forgiven! just to stand
A washed wayfarer on Immanuel's land.
If but behind the door, dear Father, so inside,
As in Thy presence safely to abide.
I would not ask that, at Thy blest right-hand,
One scarred and stained as I might hope to stand;
But on Thy golden threshold only kneel,
And the sweet sunlight of Thy presence feel;
To know the Highest will be always near,
That angel-visions shall salute mine ear,

And no more change shall ever crush the breast
Which on Thy loving bosom longs to rest.

Oh, yearning breast, trust on! for thou mayest see
Those boundless blessings yet vouchsafed to thee;
If but thy spikenard-box is freely brought
And broken at the feet thou long hast sought;
If but the tears of penitential grief
Are bringing to thy soul a sweet relief;
If with thy flowing hair thou seek'st to dry
The feet of Him who thus hath drawn thee nigh,—
Then more than Simon hath thy spirit wrought,
For to his loving Lord he did this not;
And in the volume of His book, in heaven,
Stands the blest record of thy sins forgiven!

They Call this a Desert of Sadness.

THEY call this a desert of sadness,—
Where the shadows are resting alway;
And where scarcely a gleaming of gladness
Is found on its pictures to stay.

But surely this is not the bearing
Wherein it has opened to me,
For there always appeared in the clearing
Some streak of effulgence to see.

And I know that our heavenly Master,
Though it seemeth not always to be,
Is watching us all through the gloaming,
And walking the boisterous sea.

For He seeth His toiling disciples,
And knoweth their labor in rowing,—
In moments of seeming desertion
His help and His presence bestowing.

And, if all our sinful misgivings
And trustless complainings would cease,
His step would appear on the waters,
Rebuking the waves iuto peace.

To a Friend under Discouragement.

WHY art thou sad? and why, within
Thy lone and troubled mind,
Seek'st thou that sacrifice for sin
Which but in Christ we find?

Stands He not by, with offered grace
For every hour of need?
Our heavenly, holy Advocate,—
For erring ones to plead?

Then, struggling heart, why art thou sad?
Thou knowest this loving Lord,
Whose teaching makes thy spirit glad,—
Thou loves His living Word;

Then trust thou on, and so confide
In His unslumbering care,

That, walking daily by His side,
Thou mayest His blessing share.

Oh, so to live, and so to keep
The impress of His love,
Like sunken seal, secure and deep,
Till proved in courts above.

To my Daughter E—.

Fifth month, 1882.

OH, daughter, ask me not again
That I would court the Nine;
I've sought them Three-score years and ten,
And now I would resign.
Nay, child,—I do not ask their stay,
Nor yet despise their light,
For oft they cheered a cloudy day,
And made a dull one bright.

But now, apart from metred rhyme,
And far from poets' page,
I find the stopless stream of time,
Has brought to very age,—

So that I cannot sing the songs
  Which pleased my early youth,
And find no voice to me belongs
  Like that of Sacred Truth.

And as I touch the holy lyre,
  Which wins my spirit now,
I find a spark of heavenly fire
  Within my spirit glow;
And far, far sweeter psalms arise
  Than those I sang of yore,
Like music from the upper skies,
  Or some far distant shore.

Oh, Power Supreme! who every gift
  Can consecrate anew,
Help me to bring my feeblest strains
  Before Thy searching view;
And when no more the voice of praise
  Can outward tribute bring,
May love its silent anthems raise
  To Thee, my Lord and King.

"Serving the Lord with all Humility."

I SOUGHT on the uppermost hilltops
For a beautiful, favorite plant;
I sought by the waters at noontide,
And again on the hill's graded slant;
I sought it where people were many,
Where plenty of words met my ear,
But with sorrow, for I could not find any
Who thought it was anywhere near.

So, wearied with search so unfinding,
Thus wasting my moments away,
I remembered a valley close lying,
Where I thought some sweet specimens lay;
And, retracing my path down the highway,
Where flowers grew flaunting and tall,
I sought, midst some doubled-up leaflets,
For one that I knew to be small.

And just as my lingering footsteps
Were turning reluctant away,
In the lowliest and shadiest corner
I saw that my favorite lay.

It was wet with the dews of the morning,
But was fresh as an opening rose;
And as nestled, and shady, and hidden
As the base of the hill where it grows,—

So that, had I not truly been seeking,
This blossom of beauty and grace,
I might not have seen it just peeping
From its shaded and lowly place;
But, so fragrant and rich was the odor
Which hung round its close-woven bower,
That I longingly lingered around it,—
Humility's own blessed flower!

"A City which hath Foundations."

Sixth month 15th, 1882.—Written Ten days prior to the death of the Authoress.

TO the city which hath foundations
Are my willing footsteps bound,
Where the blessed "Desire of Nations"
Eternally may be found;
To the city which hath foundations,—
Foundations of pearl and gold,—

Where the greatness of full salvation
Will the Lamb himself unfold.

Oh, a heavenly calm comes o'er me,
When I think of that glorious land;
And I almost can see before me
Its molten and shining strand!
But there yet is a veil suspended
Before my too rapturous sight,
Which speaks of some tatters unmended,
Of raiment not perfectly white.

Then spare me, my Father, I pray Thee,
Till the garment is woven entire;
And let not temptation betray me,
Or slacken one earnest desire,—
Till I press for a quickened devotion,
Where no tatter or stain shall appear,
And the faith of a full overcoming
Shall render my title all clear.

We think this little work cannot be more appropriately closed than with the following, written by our dear mother for a book of manuscripts in 1880:—

The Book is Closed.

THE book is closed,—and very sweet to me
Has been the tracery of its simple lays,—
Its morning songs, its evening vesper-hymns,
Its thankful cadences and tunes of praise;
And, most of all, I bless the heavenly hope
Which gilds the evening of life's tranquil slope.

Father, 't is Thou alone who showed and taught
That all I have and all I am are Thine;
And if my slender gifts have ever brought
One tribute to Thy grace and love divine,—
Then may pure incense to Thy throne arise,
Until Thou bless my evening sacrifice.

Then only one,—one blessing more I crave,—
Walk Thou with me in this, my evening shade;
Keep my frail foot unmoved, my eye undimned,
And with Thy mantle shield my aged head;
Then lift the veil, and give my soul to see
That, while it humbly waits, it worships Thee!